

# —THE INNIS HERALD—

Getting bored is not allowed

Sometimes I comb my hair with a fork



Sometimes I wear my arm in a sling



Sometimes I put a rubber band  
on the end of my nose



Toe shoes make very good ears

Sometimes I wear them to lunch



Here's what I like to do

Pretend





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Thank you, Mousse received.  
- Liberace

# I'm Sorry, I Misunderstood. I Thought You Said I Had an Essay Due.

To me, the most natural thing in the world to do when faced with an unpleasant overdue essay is to not do it. Strange, you're inclined to think. But true. And thus reading week found me in the Rockies at which time I met a redneck. I wonder if "redneck" is a bad word. Will I be deemed a racist? Will they unplug my phone and make the *Herald* office even colder? Or is the term "redneck" analogous to calling someone an idiot? Who knows. Who cares. All I know is that I simply must tell you about this guy even if the Heavens themselves creak open and strike me dead.

So I'm getting on the chairlift. It's not crowded and thus it seems both rational and preferable to engage upon the lift alone. That is to say, without anyone else. But at this particular juncture in my life it seemed as if I might not get my way as, from miles away, a voice beside me said, "Mind if we join you?" and I shuddered. Two of them for God's Sake! Why would they want to join me on the chairlift when they could have gotten on the next one by themselves? I'd say it was because they were warm for my form but that's hardly possible since I tend to look like Babaar by the time I'm all geared up with long underwear, short underwear, knee brace, sweatpants, snowpants and hula hoop. And who really cares what their motives were, the fact is, they got on my chair.

We go through the usual "how's your day going?" which is kind of a stupid phrase when you come to think of it. As if it's actually my day, as if you two would be on here if it were really my day. And then we proceed onto the "Where are you froms?" and I say, "Taraanah" and they say, "Calgary" and I say "Oh, Calgary's nice this time of year" and they say "Yeah Toronto's okay 'ceptin' that it's so damn

humid." And I agree with them and things seem to be running smoothly so far.

The wind is blowing in my face, the skiers are whizzing by below, and I'm beginning to successfully pretend that these guys don't exist when much to my dismay one of them turns to me and hollars, "Y'know, if Toronto weren't so goddamn humid, you wouldn't have all them Blacks and Indians around." I politely ask him to clarify his meaning, and he does so by informing me that Blacks and Indians come to Toronto because the climate is more like their own. Whereupon I remark that Toronto is cold in the winter.

We ride on in silence for a few seconds while Mr. Stupid ponders my statement. "Sure Toronto's cold in the winter," he says, "but it's not nearly so cold as, say, Saskatchewan" and I take his meaning to be that Toronto, although cold in the winter, is not

not wearing shorts, you're not wearing shorts.

Completely dumbfounded by my remark, the two remain silent for some seconds to imagine, I imagine, why there are so many Blacks and Indians in Toronto if it's not because of the climate. And then the guy beside me (who's leg is actually touching mine) has a bit of an epiphany and decides that "They're there 'cuz there's more cabs for them to drive." I entertain the thought of jumping off. I embark upon a short explanation as to why immigrants might prefer to come to a larger city, informing the gentleman that in a way he is right to remark about the cabs, but pointing out that he strikes me as somewhat of a racist.

"I'm not racist!" he walls

somewhat defensively. "Yeah," his friend declares, "How can he be racist? He's originally from Newfoundland." And then the first guy pipes in, and I quote, "I'm not racist. If it ain't white it ain't right, but I'm not racist." And I say, "That's it buddy, ride's over" and I push him off.

Well, truth be told, I only really pushed him off in my mind. What I actually did was slide up to the side of the lift as far away as possible from these two ignorant, scumbag, redneck swine, and calmly muttered that I was glad I didn't tell them I was Jewish. Whereupon the guy who is *not* racist, informed me that Jews are okay because they're almost white.

And so I ask, under what heading do rednecks fall in Rushton's findings? And am I being rude (as if I'm ever *not* being rude) or prejudiced or totally fucked in the head when I unashamedly declare that rednecks are really dumb. And to

into my past to the time I worked at Chateau Lake Louise, and I proceed to tell you about a Trivial Pursuit game I played with my roommate Roxanne, a heastly looking woman who used to pick at her feet for the greater part of each day. Roxanne's first question was geography and it asked her to name the northern most state excluding Alaska. Now, while one is not necessarily expected to know this answer, one is nonetheless expected to take an educated guess which Roxanne fails to do, presumably because she's still trying to figure out just what they meant by "Alaska." After a while I suggest that perhaps it would be best if she were to name any state except for Florida thus giving her a chance at getting the right answer. The real answer is actually Maine, but that's neither



here nor there. The point of this anecdote is to share with my readers what Roxanne's response was when asked to name any state. "Okay, okay," she says, "...uh...Northwest Territories." Whereupon I ask her kindly to name the ten provinces and she decides not to play anymore.

I feel that perhaps I may get into trouble here. Already they've disconnected my phone. Do I mean to imply that people from out West are dumb? I hope not, and yet I am aware that the term "redneck" is mostly associated with people from that direction. Of course, when you get right down to it, direction has little to do with it, and I was recently

informed that rednecks can be found in easterly directions as well, like Paris, Ontario.

I suppose what I'm really saying is that ignorance is not bliss. Ignorance makes for rather unpleasant chairlift rides and Trivial Pursuit games. Ignorant is what I'll be if I put off writing my essay any longer. I see now that if I had written it when I ought to have (like three weeks after it was due, as opposed to seven) then I never would have had to go out west in the first place. In other words, I really only went so that I could, with a clear conscience, pretend that there was no essay. I certainly didn't go there to ski. I ski like Babaar.

This paper is 100% recyclable. If you don't like it please take it to the nearest recycling depot and save a tree.



## THE INNIS HERALD

March, 1989, Volume 23 Issue 4

The paper that invites you out to lunch  
and leaves you with the bill.

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Jim Shedden	Michael Lavin
Cheri Burda	Neil Dunlop

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## Why the Dead Should Not Play Varsity Stadium

Dear editor,

Last month's *Herald* contained an article by Mr. Artie Hanks which explained why the Grateful Dead should play Varsity Stadium. I, however, believe that before the Dead committee decides where the band should play, the public should first be allowed to hear an opposing viewpoint. Thus I have taken the time out of my busy North American tour to drop the *Herald* a few points as to why the Grateful Dead should not play Varsity Stadium.

1) It seems ridiculous to have an outdoor concert in Toronto where it is precipitating 99% of the time. In the case of rain during a Dead show, a great number of fans' coveted tye-dyes may run. This could cause them to riot - an event the Toronto police would not be able to handle.

2) Once the Dead begin to play, everyone within a thirty mile radius will immediately fall asleep, thus causing traffic accidents, lethargic shoppers and other city hazards.

3) Many now established yuppies may think that it's Woodstock all over again, pull out their old psychedelic garb and neglect their responsible duties like making money and wearing sensible shoes.

4) What if someone should eat some of that brown acid that circulates during these hippie events and freak out? The media and public interest groups would no doubt redirect the issue to heavy metal music, which takes the blame for everything.

5) If the acid is good (as opposed to brown), young minds could be brainwashed into liking the Dead. Once this happens big important record stores like Sam's will have to make room for selling, and exchanging those relentless live Dead concert tapes, paraphernalia, like coloured arm bands and, of course those ghastly tye-dyes. As a result, much of today's music will have to be moved out or hidden in the back somewhere, and kids will not be able to get their hands on good talent like old Van Halen albums.

6) Finally, if anyone is going to play a twenty-six minute version of "Dancing in the Streets" it's going to be me.

Sincerely,  
(Diamond) David Lee Roth

*See Dave, I bet you're sorry you left Van Halen now that you can't sell a record west of Scarberia.*

*As to your problem with a Dead show at the Varsity Stadium, not to worry...there's no way that a concert there will happen because the band is no longer seen as "family-oriented" (according to Kingswood Theatre management) and they have a hard time finding places to play. I guess Roger Waters and Kim Mitchell are family-oriented. Nothing more family-oriented than getting blasted beyond repair on Blue and listening to turgid Pink Floyd tunes. Any way as I have*

*mentioned elsewhere, the sinister dangers of the Grateful Dead experience will keep Deadheads out of Yorkville until the Bel Air Cafe cockroaches have inherited the Earth.*

*By the way, since when is a blond spandexed jumping-jack singing Kinks and Roy Orbison as well as "I'm Just a Gigolo" classifiable as "today's music"? Robert Plant covered your screeching macho ass-wiggle trip about fifteen years ago didn't he?*

*Seriously babe, it's time to get into a new racket, now that Sammy's stole your fire. Maybe you should cover "Touch of Grey", wear panchos, lose that whammy bar frenzy, or even give Dwight Yaakum a run for his money.*

*Ah shit Dave, wanna play Varsity Stadium? You always was a family kind of guy.*



## Cocksucker

To the editor,

I am writing in response to the article "Don't Drink Drunk II" that appeared in your January 1989 issue. I would like to clear up several misunderstandings about alcohol service rules and regulations and the intent of the University of Toronto Server Training Programme.

In response to increasing public concern over alcohol misuse, the University of Toronto has developed an alcohol policy and a Server Training Programme. The University's greatest concern in alcohol service lies in three main areas. First, since "providers of alcohol" and "occupiers" have a legal duty of care for the people they serve alcohol to and/or the people on their premises, the University may be held liable should an alcohol-related accident occur.

Second, while the above is true, the real tragedy of an alcohol-related accident is not that someone may be sued...the real tragedy is that **SOMEONE MAY DIE OR BE SERIOUSLY INJURED.**

Next, the University is concerned about the integrity of its licence. An incident at any one of the approximately 90 licensed rooms on the St. George campus would affect all 90 rooms. That is to say if a minor is caught drinking alcohol in any licensed room on campus, the entire campus will have its licence suspended.

The writer of the article states that the University of Toronto is the "most difficult place to obtain alcohol in Toronto." While I am not sure about the validity of the statement, I must point out that universities are granted special types of licences. The "canteen" licence (as it is known) has additional restrictions that normal pub operators are not required to follow. In particular, the use of the University's licence is restricted to members of the UoT community (students, staff and faculty) and their guests. Because a significant proportion of our population is under the legal age of majority (19), we must take additional precautions to ensure that laws are not violated.

The author also suggests that pub operators should "know the consequences of liquor infractions" - they do. All coordinators of licensed events are required to participate in the University's server training programme. In the programme, the managers are given information regarding the legal aspects of

alcohol management, alcohol use, responsible service practices, and acceptable business practices. In addition to "manager sessions" of the programme, all staff and volunteers working at licensed events are required to participate in a shorter version of the seminar.

The article further states that once a person has had their identification checked by the Campus Beverage Service representative, he/she is "free to drink with impunity." This statement is misleading. It is against the *Liquor Licence Act* to serve anyone who is intoxicated or apparently intoxicated. Servers are required by law and by the University to refuse service to intoxicated persons.

Finally, the author writes that pub managers "do not have an absolute obligation to ensure that underagers are not slipped drinks." Licensees are obligated under the *Liquor Licence Act* to take adequate steps to ensure that no patron or guest under the age of 19 years possesses or consumes alcohol in their facilities.

The Server Training Programme is valuable to our campus for two basic reasons: 1) Providers of alcohol become informed as to their legal rights and responsibilities in alcohol service; and 2) The University may rely on students to protect the integrity of its licence and reduce the risk of alcohol-related accidents.

Yours sincerely,

Jim Delaney,  
Liaison Officer,  
Office of Student Affairs,  
University of Toronto.

The Author responds:

*Jim Delaney tows the party line with admirable zeal. However I feel there is one point in his letter which merits clarification.*

The statement that patrons are "free to drink with impunity" may mislead Mr. Delaney's theories, however personal experience suggest it is representative of actual practice.

Jim has clearly failed to grasp the author's position. The author did not criticize the goals of the current policy, he criticized the policy itself. Altruistic goals cannot be used to justify a fatally flawed policy.

As an example, consider the next to last paragraph of Jim's letter. *CB's policy to prevent underage patron's from consuming alcohol, is to ensure that they have no underage patrons.*

Finally, I would like to compliment Mr. Delaney on his judicious use of italicized and bold faced type in making his arguments. While death is certainly a tragedy, so is unbridled monopolistic power in the hands of those who can't or won't use it reasonably and productively for the service of the community.

the author



## And....

Dear editor,

I read your most recent editorial. I think I understand it. No means no sometimes when it doesn't mean yes maybe.

I am writing this letter because I still want to be it the letters from you mother column. I can accept no less.

Don't forget to drink your orange juice. You can be happier still.

Concerned but unassertive,  
Phil.

Dear Phil,  
When pigs fly.

## Letters from the Editor's Mother



Dear Jenny,

Being born under the sign of Pisces, I have always been most aware of what the month of March may bring. Well sure it brings wind - big deal, you say. But now we have all these newspapers that we feed to Blue each week - and they will blow all about. Can it be that all our good intentions will turn into only so much (SO MUCH!) litter? This is my current worry.

love,  
Judy

Dear Jude,

*Don't make it bad. Take a sad song and make it better. Remember to let her into your heart. Then you can start to make it better. Hey Jude, don't be afraid. You were made to go out and get her. The minute you let her under your skin, then you begin to make it better. And any time you feel a pain, hey Jude, refrain. Don't carry the world upon your shoulder. For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool by making his world a little colder.*

*Tie the newspapers up. And why bring cats into this anyway?*

*(P.S. For the benefit of Mr. John Pinto, most of this reply was written by Paul McCartney who's plenty rich enough don't you think? And he hasn't written a good song in fifteen years!)*

## Smash

Dear Smash,

Look, I don't wanna get into a fight over this, but your letter really cheered me off. I remember the old days as well as you do, or maybe better, considering that you were the one who mistook David Byrne for Johnny Thunders in '77 at CBGBs. Nice going, dude. This is the root of your problems, man: wimpy is not cool! I mean, any true punk would have to agree with me that "a Dionysian ruting session" is the best way to appreciate anything, music included. I mean, what could be more fun than some chick, some Bud in the fridge, a few tubes of glue and some smokin' Schumann. Wow!

Yours atonally,  
Blitz

## 'Tis a Far Far Better Thing

Dear editor,

I recently read a recent issue of the *Innis Herald* (January 1989) and I would like to congratulate you on producing a most entertaining journal.

dan schnabel

P.S. Yes, I spell my name and personal pronoun with only lower case letters.

P.S.S. I'm suddenly reminded of the words of Marx: "What is to be done?" Now I must confess that I'm not 100% certain that it was Marx who said this, and indeed, if it was Marx, which it isn't? At best I can be sure it wasn't Gummo Marx (that fifth Marx brother who didn't get into movies.) I attribute the words to Karl because I've been bogged down in the Marxist film theory and criticism swamp in my journey down the film - art - culture - politics - class struggle red brick road, and I know that I haven't much use for Karl Marx (good or bad, he never shot an elephant in his pajamas but neither can he be blamed for the colourization of "Casablanca") because, as a graduate student, I don't worry about marks or classes. But "What is to be done?" bugs the knuckles off me.

So I looked around me and came across the *Innis Herald*. I ask of you the following: If I would like to help with the production of the *Innis Herald*, what is to be done? Could I be a freelance writer even

if I adopt the pen-name Harold Innis? Can I be a writer if I have no knuckles? What colour are Ingrid Bergman's eyes?

## DAN SCHNABEL,

*Alot. No. No. Blush. No seriously folks. There's a lot you could do. Editors are having nervous breakdowns and the mere having nervous breakdowns the better, we say.*

*Get in touch, unless of course the writer of this next letter puts us in the hoosegaw for inadvertently ruining the career of a brilliant artist.*

## Danger

Dear editor,

Although pleased to see the distinctive profile of Mr. Clavius F(rederick) Earbrass, "the well known novelist", grace the front page of the *Innis Herald*, January 1989, Vol.23 Issue 4, I was shocked that the image of Mr. Earbrass and thirty others in a similar style scattered throughout the issue, went uncredited.

The drawings are the work of the distinguished American illustrator, author and ballroom dancer Edward Gorey. The wholesale appropriation of Mr. Gorey's work to solve your graphic layout problems is shameful and a blatant infringement of copyright. Surely the University of Toronto still regards plagiarism as a serious offence.

John Pinto

*You're right, John, and we were wondering when somebody was going to come at us for using such graphics to decorate our paper. However we don't charge for the damn thing, and maybe we turned a few people on to Edward Gorey. Maybe Mr. Gorey will now sell a few more books. I know a few people who are now interested in reading some of his work. Or maybe you'd like to keep him to yourself?*

## etc.



Dear editor,

Maybe if you got a haircut people would stop confusing you with John Lennon.

So there,  
Hilary Clark

*I did get a haircut and now everybody confuses me with Tommy Bradford.*

## Women and Men

Art Willson

I am submitting this piece under the somewhat naive assumption that I can resolve, to a degree, the Women's Centre dispute. With a referendum on the Centre fast approaching, the time is ripe for comment.

The dispute is centred on the fact that men are not allowed to be on the Collective, which 'governs' (if I may use the word) the Centre. I shall attempt to show that opposition to the centre on this ground, is opposition of ignorance.

I shall begin with the premise that a women's centre in some form is a desirable thing. It is beyond the power of the media, and politics to sway those who would take issue with this premise.

Men may not be on the Collective of the Centre. The reason for this is that men should not be on the Collective.

A member of the collective may play three roles: they may make a constructive contribution; they may make a destructive contribution; or they may make no contribution at all. Over time members will likely play all of these roles. My argument is that men can never make a constructive contribution to the collective. Therefore they are left to fulfill the two remaining roles and thus have no place in the body.

As I understand it, the main purpose of the Collective is to set policy. That is, to decide which issues (social, legal, etc) are most important to women. Here, a man has no place. No amount of experience or education can allow a man to answer the question,

"which issues are most important to women?" with any degree of validity. To give credence to his answer would only serve to further the cause of paternalism. This is not to say that men have no role.

As I further understand it, after the Collective has decided what the goals and policies of the Centre should be, it is then open to any interested person to participate in the achievement of said goals. Here both women and men have a role. While a man may not say that issue/goal 'x' is of paramount importance to women. He may make a constructive contribution in achieving 'x'. This is the role for men at the Centre.

A mirror image example is illustrative. This example is admittedly somewhat absurd. Suppose that we wanted to redesign the men's locker room at the athletic centre. It would be up to men, and men alone, to articulate what they desire and needs in a locker room were. Once that decision had been made, design consultants, architects, interior decorators, plumbers, electricians, etc, of either gender could make an important contribution in realizing the goals of the men for whom the space was designed. So it is with the Women's Centre.

To summarize; men have no right to attempt to tell women what issues are important to women. They have no role here. Men can, and perhaps should, participate in the discussion of, and action on, these issues. That, to the best of my knowledge, is what the Women's Centre, with its all women collective, will achieve if it is not smothered by ignorant paternalism.



The Rolls was waiting

## Residence: And the Survey Says.... Nothing!

Kimberly Nash

In the last issue of the *Innis Herald*, an article appeared giving preliminary information on the new Innis College/Profac residence. At the bottom of the article, a ballot was attached which asked for your opinion on the location of the new residence (one of three - Roberts lawn, St. George parking lot, or Spadina and Harbord), and whether you would like to be involved in the planning and development of the new residence. Ballot boxes were put in the ICSS office and at the pub counter, along with new improved ballots (the old ones had no space for your name, phone number and student number). On February 6th, your humble New Res Students' Committee opened up those boxes to see what you had to say.

Unfortunately you didn't say very much. Thirty-nine ballots were submitted. Of those received, five were written by committee members. Twenty-eight others

were interested in seeing the presentations given by the architects. There were eighteen votes in favour of the location currently occupied by Vlad, at Spadina and Harbord (47.4%), St. George parking lot got sixteen votes (42.1%), and the location favoured by the University -- Roberts lawn -- pulled in a big four votes (10.5%). One person didn't vote. To those of you who answered the questionnaire, thank you sooo much -- the committee is in debt to you forever (but we won't do your essays).

To those of you who didn't complete the questionnaire, shame on you! If you're not an Innis student, it's okay, you have a valid excuse. If you are an Innis student, we'd really like to hear from you. On February 20th, the pub counter box was opened again (the ICSS box bit the dust getting opened the last time), and the latest ballots were taken out -- all four of them. Yes, of course, Reading Week meant that no one was in the pub, and how can you fill out a ballot jumping a mogul? We forgive you.

For those of you in Vlad or Taddle Creek who don't generally pop into Innis, we're doing something slightly different. Someone from the committee will come by your house/res and give you ballots and a box with the last *Herald* article glued to the side. For the people in Vlad and Taddle Creek's Sussex Ave. houses, your opinion is especially important because it's your places that may be getting replaced.

Was that a "WHAT?" I heard from TC? Yes, this is a new wrinkle. One of the new ideas is to build a row of facing townhouses a la Scarborough and Erindale on Roberts lawn and the current four TC Sussex Ave. houses. What do you think of that? The committee wants to know.

Well, that's about all for this issue's episode of "The Young and the Residence." Stay tuned for ballot boxes in your neighbourhood pub, your friendly ICSS office, your res/co-op house, and on the desk in the Pit where Formal tickets should be on sale (under the nice green banner that's impossible to miss).



MARCH 10<sup>th</sup> **THE WAKE**  
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**RELEASED AND UNRELEASED LIVE DEAD**

Selections from over 100 tapes \* Requests accepted \* Only excellent audience tapes will be played \* Videos will accompany selected songs \* Lots of dance space

All Welcome - Come and DANCE

**NO COVER**  
BUT DONATIONS ACCEPTED FOR TEMAGAMI  
WILDERNESS SOCIETY

## TA Strike - Long Live the Revolution!

Michael Lavín President,  
Graduate Students  
Association, Department of  
Italian Studies.

The position of TAs at the University of Toronto is a strange one: responsible for 40% of university teaching, they are not regarded as staff, are not given adequate job descriptions and have no job security. Money is scarce in academics: fewer than TAships, graduate students from Toronto find themselves in dire financial straits, while those from outside the city simply cannot afford to live here. These twin evils, lack of job security -- the TA will receive an annual contract, which is far from ideal when one considers

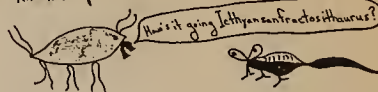
that, on average, it takes four years and more to complete a Ph.D. -- and scarcity of funds, lead to tensions amongst grad students in every department. When the priority for grad students is to procure funding for the continuance of their careers the teaching component of their academic activities inevitably suffers.

This problem is not limited to TAs. It sets into motion a chain reaction, and chain reactions have the unpleasant characteristic of affecting everything and everyone. Not least affected (some would argue most affected) are the undergraduates, those who dedicate four years of their lives to cutting a swath through UofT's

bureaucratic jungle and without whom this university would have no raison d'être. It cannot be denied that this strike is as much about undergraduates as it is about graduate students and TAs. A University of Toronto degree is, at present, a prestigious article; if those responsible for 40% of teaching duties are not treated fairly, not provided with job security, continually asked, as many of them are now, to teach classes of an unreasonable and unmanageable size, pedagogical standards will continue to suffer and ultimately it will be the undergraduates who will pay. It is in the interests of undergraduates to support this strike as vigorously and as vociferously as possible, to demonstrate their legitimate concerns and to bring the Administration of the university to the bargaining table as soon as possible in order to negotiate a just and equitable settlement.

### How to Win Friends and Influence Bugs

1) Always Mention Their Names When Greeting Another Species - Don't Mumble



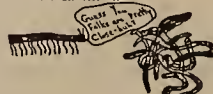
2) Ask Questions



3) Talk About What the Other Insect Finds Interesting Even If You Consider it to be In Poor Taste.



4) Don't Mention the Obvious



5) Be Tactful





You only go to Moscow once

## Refugee Student Arthur Kennedy, Part One.

Meghan Edmonds

This is the third year of a joint Innis College/Campus Co-op program sponsoring a refugee student. It is part of the UofT program which in turn is directed by World University Services of Canada (WUSC).

The program at UofT falls under the great umbrella of WUSC which has similar programs in Universities across Canada. WUSC is like an adoption agency. It sifts through tons of applications a year and tries to match students to universities. If there are any problems in the various procedures that the foreign student must follow, then a phone call to H.Q. in Ottawa can usually work things out. In our specific case the tuition is covered by the UofT, and the room and board is provided by Campus Co-op, while the incidentals are covered by Innis students themselves. Each refugee student is assisted for a year and then finishes his education through government grants etc. This year we are proud to have with us Arthur Kennedy, from Ghana. The following is the first in a two (or three) part series on Arthur Kennedy and the Innis refugee program. Part One: A brief history of Arthur Kennedy, in his own words...

On May 8th, 1987, during my final year of studies at the University of Ghana Medical School, I was expelled by the

government. This was the third major disruption of my university education by the military dictatorship in Ghana.

My difficulties started in December 1982, while serving as the president of Commonwealth Hall. On December 14th, 1982, after a demonstration by students to protest human rights abuses and the absence of basic democratic processes in the country, a parliamentary group, posing as "workers" forcibly closed the university and dismissed four students, including myself. After protracted negotiations between the Vice-chancellor and the "workers", all four were readmitted.

In February 1983, in an election regarded as a students' referendum on government behaviour, I won with a large majority over the pro-government candidate, as the president of the National Union of Ghana Students (N.U.G.S.). I was the first medical student to hold this office.

On May 4th, 1983, while I was waiting to be sworn-in as the president of N.U.G.S. at a students' congress in Kumasi, the government struck again. A group of miners, who had been coerced by the government into invading the university, attacked the students. When the dust settled, five government vehicles had been burned and many students injured. That evening, the government, after accusing the students of having provoked the workers, closed the university. In the next few days, other institutions of higher learning went on strike in protest and were also closed. The closures were to last for ten months. On June 24th, 1983, the

government held a press conference in Accra, the capital, and announced that it was charging the elected student leaders with plotting a coup d'etat. Five student leaders, including myself, had to flee to the Ivory Coast and remain in exile for the duration of the closure.

The institutions were reopened in March 1984. After negotiations between the government, the universities and the National House of Chiefs, the exiled students were granted an amnesty and invited to return home. We did so on April 25th, 1984. However, ten days after our arrival, I was arrested, detained, interrogated and charged with subversion and sedition charges that still stand to this day.

After a threat by the students to boycott their exams, I was released on bail on condition that I remain in Accra and report to the police daily. At that point, I began to be followed by government agents and subjected to surprise searches. I was, however, allowed to return to university and to resume my responsibilities as president of N.U.G.S., which I continued until April, 1985.

Except for being under surveillance, the next two years were without incident.

In April, 1987, as part of the activities marking their 25th anniversary, N.U.G.S. invited me to talk at a symposium on "The Role of Students in National Development". A few weeks later, students started a boycott of lectures to protest the arrest of another student leader. Two days later, the government announced that it had dismissed eight

students, including myself. Furthermore, it asked that I and four other Ghanians report to the police for alleged subversive activities.

Although I had only a few months to complete my medical studies, it was widely felt that I would be either jailed for an extended period or executed without trial. I therefore decided to flee again to the Ivory Coast where I sought and was granted refugee status.

Even though various groups and individuals in Ghana asked that I be granted an amnesty, the government refused to do so. As a result of this situation, the government of Canada, at the request of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, offered to grant me a permanent residency and the World University Services (Canada) to sponsor my initial year as a part-time student at the University of Toronto.

Although I had been fascinated by various aspects of medicine from an early age, the one incident that most greatly influenced my decision to study medicine happened in January, 1980. I went home to see my mother and was shocked to discover that she had had a stroke the night before. She was paralysed on the left side of her body. We took her to a hospital where over several months, she made a remarkable

recovery. The gratitude I felt towards those who cared for her made a very deep impression. From then on, I was determined to spend my life giving care and comfort to the sick, while encouraging the fit to stay healthy.

During my years in medical school, I was involved in group volunteer activities pertaining to the health of the community -- visiting rural communities on weekends and organizing blood donor donation campaigns among others.

I spent my last holiday in Ghana working in an urban health centre. While in the Ivory Coast, I worked as a volunteer, three to five days a week, in a district hospital at Grand-Bassam. I went on ward rounds with a Ghanaian doctor and also joined him at outpatients clinic.

Throughout my schooling, my extra-curricular interests have been sports, debating and reading literature. While at medical school, I played on the first teams for both soccer and field hockey.

I would very much like to resume my studies in medicine. One day, I hope that it will be possible to return to Ghana and to teach and practice at one of our hospitals.

Should I continue to be a "persona-non-grata" in Ghana, I would hope to teach and practice elsewhere in West Africa through the Canadian International Development Agency or a similar Canadian organization.

**TOWN HALL MEETING**

**TO DISCUSS**

**THE PROPOSED NEW RESIDENCE**

**FOR INNIS COLLEGE**

**MONDAY, APRIL 3, 7:00 P.M.**

**INNIS TOWN HALL**

**ALL MEMBERS OF THE INNIS**

**COMMUNITY ARE URGED TO ATTEND**

## Canadian Political Economy: Classic and New

Mel Watkins

The topic for this year's annual Innis Foundation Conference is the state of political economy as an intellectual discipline. The full title of the conference is Canadian Political Economy: Classic and New; the subtitle recognizes that political economy, like Coke, is of varying vintages. It will be an all day event at Innis College on April 1 -- preceded by a launch of a new book on the new political economy the previous late afternoon/early evening at University College, in which you are also urged to participate.

There is, likewise, a double rationale for a conference on this topic at this time. This academic year is the 100th anniversary of the founding of what in due course became, for so many good and great years, the multidiscipline Department

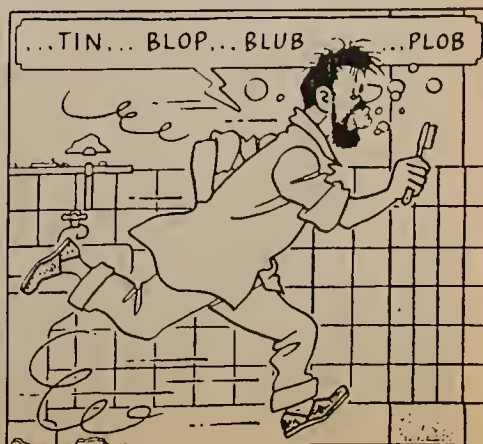
of Political Economy on the University of Toronto campus. By a happy coincidence, 1989 also marks the publication of an important new multi-authored book *The New Canadian Political Economy*, edited by Carleton University political economists Wallace Clement and Glen Williams and published by McGill-Queen's University press; all fifteen authors have been invited to attend the conference and most will be there. Put these two events together, as this conference will, and there is much to celebrate, and to discuss and debate.

It is, of course, wholly appropriate that this event be sponsored by the Foundation that honours the name of Harold Innis. As we all know, Innis was the long-time head of the Department of Political Economy -- and the most distinguished of a distinguished list to occupy that chair. We also know that his distinction very much consisted of being Canada's

preeminent economic historian and political economist, writing first of Canada and its great staple trades and later of empires and media of communications.

Today, whenever there is talk of the old political economy and its classic studies, it is Innis's name that always comes first to mind. Equally striking is the frequency with which his name recurs in the contemporary writings of the new political economy. The lead essay in *The New Canadian Political Economy* is centrally about the staples thesis -- a fact I can vouch for since I wrote it! The editors tell me that Innis is referred to in every one of the other eleven essays; even this devoted Innisian was impressed and surprised by that.

The conference endeavours to blend the classic and the new, and to facilitate the dialogue and debate that are essential to the vitality of any discipline and should be the hallmark of the university.



## Ishkabibble Dishkabibble - The Issue of Attention

Alex Russell

They say that as you get older you lose your idealistic perspective (if you happen to have had one to start with), and I can remember saying to "them" that I would resist a decay into cynicism.

Having gotten a little older... There is this particular way I used to talk about something. It was called the Issue of Attention. Attention is, though perhaps at a merely unstated level, an issue with which I think most people are familiar. I am now conscious of that particular way I had of talking about the Issue of Attention, because my way of talking about it has changed. It may or may not be more cynical.

Now please, pay Attention! This way I had of looking at things consisted of dividing all the activities which it is possible for an individual to undertake in this world into two categories. In one category were all those activities which involve an individual in a relationship with the world or something in it. This kind of activity consists of the outward focusing of attention. Examples of this kind of activity are, say, sky-diving or putting up a book case. Another example is reading this thing, depending on whether or not you're paying attention like I asked. (These activities involve an individual in a relationship of Attention with an object outside of himself).



In the other category I put all those activities, which it is possible to be involved in, which don't consist in focusing one's Attention towards the world. These activities are characterized by an inward focus of attention. Is that really possible, you ask (if you're paying attention)? I think so. The trick to identifying these activities is to recognize that they always look, on the surface, like activities from the first category.

This is not that obscure an idea. In one sense, a category of inward looking activities is merely a way of talking about materialistic motivations. But I'm trying to go a bit further than that.

This particular way I had of looking at the Issue of Attention involved making a bit of a Claim. It Bit the Bullet and made a definite Assertion. It involved making an affirmation about the Way Things Are; involved in fact, an

invocation of the the Universal: All the activities in the first category, all those activities which involve the outward focusing of attention -- in which an individual is engaged with the world -- all these activities are Enriching Activities. The individual who regularly undertakes such activities is an Enriched Individual. This perspective involves saying something about the world and the people who are stuck to it which may or may not be Idealistic.



Let's be clear on just how simple this notion of "Enriched" really is. An enriched activity might be described as one in which an individual is engaged with the world. Specific activities are irrelevant in this discussion. It is the Attention of the individual which is crucial here.

### ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?

This may be a lot of garbage but if you're actually trying to ferret out my meaning, there can be little doubt about the direction of your attention. You are engaged with the world in the sense that your focus of attention is outward: towards the world (or something in it). The fact that Enrichment is involved in this activity has nothing to do with the content of this discussion (lucky for you). It is your relationship with the Other Object which is significant. You are being Attentive. Aren't you?

It was a feature of my past perspective on the Issue of Attention that the other category of possible activities (activities undertaken with Attention focused inward) be considered non-Enriching. The people who regularly undertook these kinds of activities were generally considered to be Scum Bags.

So anyway, like I said, I'm older now and, like I also said, I may or may not be less idealistic.

Take the example of a guy

making some music. According to my old perspective music making fell into the category of human activity which consists of an outward focus. So did real music listening. A musician, I can remember saying, is involved in an attentive relationship with the world. If he's playing with others, he is focusing, along with the other musicians, on a common Other Object -- namely, the piece being played. If he's playing on his own, his activity consists of the externalization (expression) of internal passions (or whatever). His musical expression takes the form of an Other Object upon which his attention is focused (in this same way, my attention is focused on writing this piece -- which is an Other Object for both me and you).

But the activity of music making doesn't necessarily (that is, always) succumb to this analysis. There is to be considered what we might call the Disingenuous musician, the guy who plays music for the Wrong Reasons. Perhaps this guy's in it for the fame or the fortune. Probably he's in it for the broads. Whatever, his activity is no longer characterized by a fundamental attentiveness and interchange with the world and the people in it. His endeavour is primarily motivated by an interest in himself.

My old perspective said he



wasn't Genuine. His Attention is directed, at a fundamental level, towards himself. He is a Scum Bag. Case closed.

While I don't like him any better now (whoever he is) I no longer am able to make a black and white distinction between people (or activities) of one category or the

other. The Disingenuous musician and the Enriched musician no longer exist for me as fundamentally (qualitatively) different kinds of people. An asshole is still an asshole, but he no longer exists as Something categorically different -- as a Scum Bag.

The difference, it now seems to me, is quantitative. Scum Bagness and Enrichment stand at opposite ends of a spectrum. Let me quickly tell you why this is a significant change in my perspective.

My old category of Enriched activities implied that human endeavour was possible at a completely unself-interested level. Outward focus of Attention meant world interest; inward focus meant self interest. This is naive.

To delicately step into the arena of psychoanalytic theory for a second, Freud (and some other guys) have this idea about something called primary narcissism. I'll make this quick: Primary narcissism refers to an individual's original psychic state (like at birth) in which there is no differentiation between subject and object, and in which all interest (or Attention) is focused inward (there is no outward). For the narcissist, the world is indeed his oyster. According to Freud and some of these other guys, mental development consists in the gradual turning outward of energy or interest which is primarily narcissistic and consequently inward looking (or something like that anyway).

So, the point is, inward focus of attention (in Freud's terms, energy) precedes the outward focus of attention. What's more, individual development doesn't consist of an escape from narcissism. The relationship between narcissism and object relations -- between inward and outward Attention -- remains an economic one. An intensification in one means a depletion in the other. Taking selflessness as an ideal involves the belief that we can escape our own narcissistic

needs. Does that mean that believing you can act selflessly is an idealistic attitude? Does that mean I've grown more cynical?

Does that mean I've grown more selfish?

The fact is, it now seems to me, there is always some connection between our interest in, and attention towards, the world, and our interest in and, attention towards, ourselves. It's like that inescapable motto of Self-help Therapy: "You can't love others until you love yourself". Although this kind of watered-down, conformist, middle-class therapy bugs my ass, I think there's an important truth in it. We all have needs regarding our self esteem. Furthermore, we all, to a greater or lesser extent hinge our relationship with the world (outward attention) on our perception of ourself (inward attention).

My change in perspective means that certain attitudes towards the world which I used to consider to



be qualitatively different, I now perceive to be quantitatively different. So now there's some kind of a continuum of motivations or attitudes of attention. What I used to call Enriched, I guess I would now call secure. What I used to call Scum, I would now call insecure.

This may or may not be a more cynical view than I previously held. And it may or may not be any better.

We're done.

You can stop paying Attention now. Go read one of Blitz's articles.

## Creeping Moral Decay

Blitz

May they all be damned to Hell! Those pernicious, foul, utterly vile pits of noxious odours, those living dungheaps, strewn with the stinking residue of the vomit of a thousand years and as many societies! These are the type of people who we, in an all too lenient moment, have allowed to sink their foul way into our bars, our schools, our movie theatres, with nary a hint of the righteously indignant outcry which should have, and in any sane, moral society would have, preceded the very mention of such a notion.

Like gigantic snails of evil, leaving slimy trails of sin wherever their disgusting fancies may happen to take them -- for they are creatures entirely devoid of intelligence or indeed any motivating instinct other than instinct and conformity -- they sink through our once fair streets with nauseating impunity, flaunting their affront to the laws of God, man and good taste. How much longer must we, the true citizens of this nation, nay, continent (for they are numerous wherever one goes) how much longer, I ask -- nay, beseech -- you, will we merely do nothing while our proud civilization is brought down about our ears? In places where an honest man fears

to go they skulk and breed, perpetuating their loathsome species, caring only for the lowest pursuits.

If the mere mention of their vile race is not enough to send disgust and hatred coursing through the veins of even the mildest of us, consider your children! Your innocent babes, viewing the utter depravity, the vile and unnatural ways of life which they promote. The minds of the young are, like a flower, easily affected by the lying propaganda circulated by these beings. Will you so callously allow these monsters to have their way with your offspring? No, I say, for the sake of our children if not ourselves, these embodiments of blackest evil must be stopped, and stopped now before their creeping moral decay -- like the decay that turns a once-proud banana into a mass of brown, rotted garbage -- before, I say, it can spread too far.

The task will not be easy -- for already they have sunk their yellowed, slavering fangs into the very vulgar vein of our society -- but it must be done while it is still possible! Men and Women of good will and stout heart, I call upon you to raise your swords and voices high, to do battle with these creatures for the sake of everything we hold dear. We will storm their bastion, the aptly named Hangar, and hang the lot of them! Death to Sae hacks! Long live the Revolution!



## Mr. Diffid

Braz

### The Spiritual Stanza

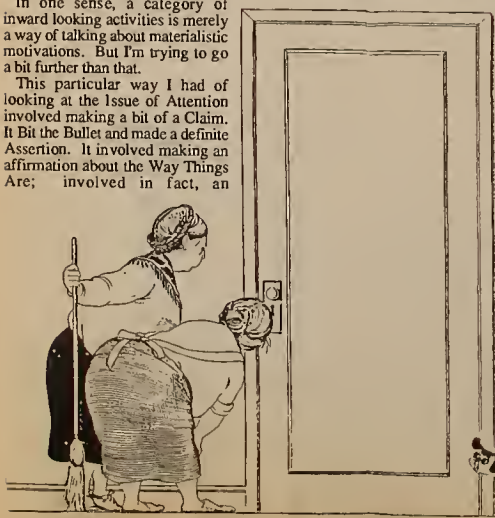
Mr. Diffid met a man  
Who could see the truth  
In a tangled plan.  
Said Mr. Diffid  
To a girl nearby,  
'I'm quite well known  
for my good eyes.'

### The Socio-political Stanza

Mr. Diffid loved a girl  
Who had seen and understood  
The World.  
Said Mr. Diffid  
Flippantly,  
'I've seen all there is  
to see.'

### The Sexual Stanza

Mr. Diffid heard a tale  
Of a lover who made  
Cassanova pale.  
Said Mr. Diffid with a  
Telling smile  
'It's been said before  
That I'm quite virile.'



# Dead Serious

Ricky Campbell



"Nobody wins."  
Bob Weir  
(after a particularly good "Candyman")  
What is it about rock n' roll? Is our screwed-up massively repressed society so screwed-up and so massively repressed that we need to do the do to the point where we can't do the do anymore? I mean let's say that a rock n' roll show is the only place large amounts of people can get out all that stuff we've got blocking our various psychological pipes. Do we have to go for broke to the point where the opportunity to flush is removed by an angry and quaking society?

Yes!  
All right, so somebody said yes after reading that. I didn't, because I don't know yet. When someone attends a classical gig, they sit politely and leave the show just as anally retentive as they were when they went in to the theatre. At a rock show, some people get so wasted they miss the show and wake up the next morning feeling like their intestinal tract got scrubbed out with steel wool. Is that any better? Well, I went to see Neil Young once with no more protection than a Molson Golden in me. One Molson Golden. And I don't even like Molson Golden. Did I still flush my pipes? (Not a dry scat in the house? We're talking Neil Young here folks, not the Beatles in '64.) Well, I did feel better. I didn't have the celebratory bone-shakin' freak out that comes with just about every Grateful Dead show I've seen. Maybe one more Golden would have done it?

Naaahhhhh!

The Dead have made a mistake. I know it. They know it. Deadheads know it. They invited the mass rock n' roll audience to the bone shakin' whitsit and as a result they're paying a heavy price. What was the mistake?

Folks, they put out a record. Yes. A record. Their first studio album in nine years. They released a single. It went to the top ten and stayed there for a long time. The band received unprecedented coverage. "You mean they're still around? You must be joking. They must be old fat farts by now fer sure!" Yes, they are, but up until now they didn't have the least unwashed going to see them. With the release of *In The Dark*, the Dead world turned upside down. And then the world turned the Dead upside down. Van Halenheads and Neil Youngheads and Megadethheads are now attending Dead shows and they are bringing their baggage with them.

Up until 1987, a large and faithful contingent of Deadheads attended their shows, spacing out, dancing furiously, jumping into buses, vans and wing and a prayer Beetles to follow the never ending tour wherever it may have led--- Toronto, Egypt, Tampa, Paris, Angel's Camp...and guess what! No real bad scenes in any towns. Even the smallest, most isolated village would fill up with freaks, reap profits from freak tour-dollars then watch them and the band pull out leaving the town richer, but basically as they found it. (Except for an increase cosmic karma. Who was that masked fat, bearded freak and his friends?) "Deadheads leave only footprints" was the motto. Townspeople were mightily

impressed. Cops were amazed. Maybe somewhere along the way we got too smug about it.

Then the band thought, well...Jerry didn't die, we all feel pretty creative...let's put out a studio album and release a single...  
ZAP!

"Touch of Grey" a silly, boppy little tune with ironic lyrics went chart busting. Everybody liked the song(except metal heads, Jim Shedden, my mother, and a lot of Deadheads who would rather not hear it again in their lifetime) and the next thing the band knew, there was an unprecedented demand to see these fat old farts take their cosmic ride. The fallout has been less than glorious. "This was never meant to be a private party," said band lyricist Robert Hunter but at the same time this popularity threatened to end the party for good and all.

Oops.  
The Grateful Dead's popularity has ruined the chances of Deadheads seeing them in some of their classic venues, because now when these gigs happen (smaller venues. 3500-8000 seats) everybody and his brother's sister's cousin turns up hoping that they can get the coveted "miracle ticket" and get close enough to see up Bob Weir's nose. If they don't get in, a lot of these new fans do what they might do if Van Halen played at a small venue and they didn't get in. They trash the area surrounding the venue.

The latest example has been Oakland, California, where the band did their usual Chinese New Year's shows in the tiny Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium. Mail order only for tickets. Those who didn't get a ticket, were politely asked by

the band to stay away. (The area surrounding the theatre is residential.) What happened? Too many people without tickets arrived. There was copious abuse of substances. There was pissing on people's lawns. There was parking on people's lawns. There was puking on people's lawns. There was general obnoxiousness in people's faces.

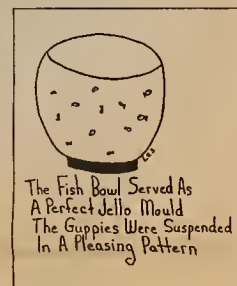
I have to ask, who the hell are these jerks? This didn't happen before the release of *In The Dark*. The Dead, of course, couldn't have known that this album would produce a new breed of fan. Now this new breed of fan threatens to end it for all of us. (Rick's panicking, thinks Nick.) Oakland has decided they don't want the Dead back in their city. The Dead don't blame them. Before a petition being prepared by the townspeople was even presented to them they cancelled a series of concerts planned there for late spring. One of the last brilliant venues for this brilliant band is gone. This has been going on for some time. The Dead asked last summer that people clean up their act, that fans police themselves, or the bus to Never Never land would come to a grinding halt. Some of us have heeded the warning. Cosmic Recyclers who recruit people to clean up during and after gigs are one example. But the message is not getting through to the party animals.

"All this sounds like alcohol-related behaviour," said a Deadhead pal of mine. Another told me not to worry and that I was being reactionary about the whole thing. Well, we'll see. I talked with some Dead organizational people last summer and I don't think they were being reactionary.

(They're just worried about losing the best job available on the planet Earth.)

Okay so I'm bitching, but this pissing on lawns business isn't even what I would call revolutionary behaviour. It's just dumb. Perhaps it was only one person who did it. Maybe Oakland will relent later this year. Maybe all these redneck jerks will stop walking through the vending areas at Dead shows with giant beatboxes blaring Megadeth, selling Jack Daniels at a buck a crack. (Yes, I bought one once.) Maybe Jerry Garcia will go on the Oprah diet. Maybe Bob Weir will stop playing "Big River". Maybe people will realize what a good thing this Dead trip is and stop parking their cars on middle-class lawns. Maybe I'm just blowing off steam.

But the only thing I want to know from anybody at any Dead show, including the ones pondering watering Gladys and Harry Bieburg's prize American Beauties is "Are you kind?"



# Mary Worth Update: A Sinking Romance

Art Wilson

Somewhere, the last 2 paragraphs of last month's column ended up on the cutting room floor. So we are reprinting them here.

Mary asks Toby not to repeat their conversation. Fat chance. Mary doesn't want to be known as, "the old birdy who was left waiting at the altar!" The reason Mary wants Toby not to tell Ian, is she wants to make her decision without the benefit of "fatherly advice". (Ouch!)

And so we close another chapter on Mary's vacation. What will she do? Will she Mary Grant, or will she sleep with him first? Will Toby keep her mouth shut? Will Ian do anything besides eat, drink, and complain? Does he ever?

As we rejoin Mary in the new year, she and Toby are continuing their conversation regarding Ian's propensity to give unsolicited advice. The last thing Mary and Grant need, in considering the pro's and con's of an "autumn years" marriage, is the benefit of Ian's "prodigious experience". Toby thinks Grants all "pro". Mary wonders whether the magic of romance can survive the day-to-day doldrums of marriage.

Well, here's Grant playing volleyball. Tomorrow's the last port of call. Sunny, sexy, Barbados. After that it's flank speed to Miami, then Grant and Mary have some shopping to do at a little shop in Bridge town. Mary starts talking in punctuation; uttering a very stylized "I".

Hey, here's Ian with his pipe. Ian's bonin' up on Barbados. Course if Grant's leading the tour this'll be



superfluous. Ian still doesn't like Grant, I wonder why? Toby's spying on Grant and Mary at the ship rail. She's pretty sure that Grant's Barbados plans don't include them.

Wow! We're in Barbados. Grant's taking Mary shopping at a very posh jeweler. He wants to buy her "a little trinket". Mary's talking in punctuation again. Grant suggests that Mary check her ring size while he browses. But Mary says "NO!!" and from her expression she means it. But by the next strip day the love birds are patching things up. Mary reprimands Grant, he assures her that he has been "properly chastened", and everyone's soon all smiles again.

As Mary, Grant and the Cameron's return to the ship we get a plot twist extraordinaire. You can feel the axe beginning to fall on Mary's bliss. And believe it or not, we've got real action happening here. When was the last time you saw that in "Mary Worth"? From here on its a headlong rush to February 15. So here we go...

Someone's calling Grant from the ship. She calls "Grant... Grant Inwood", the very words we heard Mary utter a few weeks ago. I wonder?

The woman calling is a fat,

flashy broad with lots of tacky jewelry. Her name's Lady Elaine Tiffin. But her friends call her Nell. She picked up the 'lady' while her husband was in the House of Lords. He was a boozier.

Turns out Grant met her on the cruise last year. By the way as the strip goes on, this woman gets fatter and fatter.

Nell tells Ian, pipe in hand, that she doesn't like flying and so takes the boat between Barbados and her little New York flat. But let's get down to it.

Seems that Grant gave Nell a bad stock tip last year. It was something to do with real estate investments. Nell wants to talk to Grant's old college chum. His 'so called friend' on Wall St. We really don't know what the hells going on here.

So we go to dinner. Ian's packin' it away as usual, but Grant and Nell are conspicuous by their absence. Mary says Grant's tired, and Toby's got that 'how stupid are you?' look in her eye.

When Mary goes back to her cabin to pack she finds Grant Inwood. Grant need to talk to her. The axe falls. Mary notices that Grant is white as a sheet. Grant says it's the "premature onset of

'prison pallor'". Grant notes that the state rooms on the ship are bigger than jail cells. Mary doesn't understand Grant's prison allusions. Mary's pretty stupid. Grant explains.

Remember Grant's college chum stock broker? Well he doesn't exist. Grant made him up. You know Grant Inwood, the wealthy real estate entrepreneur? Well he doesn't exist. Grant made him up too. Know what? Grant's a 'fraud', 'thief', 'liar', 'confidence man'. Grant's an Ex-Convict. Seems Grant did 3 years in the pen for mail fraud and tax evasion. Mary doesn't believe it. And in a wonderful bit of editorializing by Saunders and Ziegel, Grant rationalized his heinous crimes by the fact that many of the guys in his cell block were respected business men.

It seems Grant ran a little mailing operation that made Florida swamp land look like 'heaven on earth'. Really fucking creative Grant. He got nailed for a 'landscam'. Anyone remember Grant's showplace home in Florida? (I don't!) Well it's a furnished room over a tailor shop. The shop sells used clothing. "Not exactly a palace!"

But how did Grant afford this cruise, Mary asks (and we ask

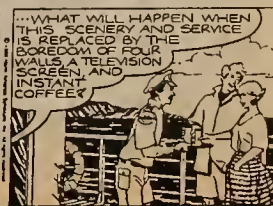
with her). He bought it with the last of the profits from last year's cruise. His retained earnings from a brief friendship with Lady Elaine Tiffin. Was Grant a common gigolo? Mary thinks she was to be Grant's next victim. Now Grants talking in punctuation "I".

Wellitll it looks like Grant didn't service the old cow. He just advised her financially. And she 'invested' a wad of cash right into ol' Grant's pocket.

Mary needs some fresh air. So they go out on deck. Grant says he's sorry and he never meant to hurt her. But Mary's having trouble believing anything Grant says now, and who can blame her. But worst of all, most of Mary's pain is coming from a 'foolish self-inflicted wound'.

What hurts Mary more? That her creed of accepting people at face value has betrayed her? or that a once dear and trusted friend could stray so far from honesty and integrity?

Well the bubble had to burst. Poor Mary, so naive, so trusting. What a douch head! Who knows what'll happens next. Clearly old Nell 'beached whale' Tiffin is going to drop the hammer on Grant. Well we'll know when they reach Miami tomorrow, so I figure we should see the coast in 4 to 6 weeks.



# The Anarchist Home-Tapers Manifesto or How to Profit from the Death of Rock n' Roll

Artie Hanks

I am not a Luddite. I have no interest in dismantling machines or in wasting my time believing that technology is evil or in returning to an idyllic pastoral lifestyle that never existed. Newness, Progress and Discovery are not in themselves bad things. But they can quite easily be put to bad purposes. A topical example of this is the compact disc.

CDs are not evil. But the intentions behind their introduction into the marketplace are. The Ad industry, paid by the CD producers, endeavours to convince the consumer that something new and better is completely indispensable: "Compact Discs, source of a better, cleaner, fuller sound, will guarantee you, the wise purchaser, a happy, hip and fulfilling lifestyle that will otherwise be out of your reach forever if you insist on keeping your turntable. And while you're at it, convert your scratchy vinyl record collection into a new line of chrome and glass discs that are indestructible and will boast perfect sound forever! forever! forever!"

The crimes of the modern advertisers are well known, of course. Many readers of the *Herald* are undoubtedly aware of the planned obsolescence theory of the consumer economy of the Western World. Speaking to one wiseman on this particular topic, and expressing my anger and frustration to him, he nodded in a sympathetic manner, sagely sipped from his bottle of Molson Stock and replied, "That's all true. But

you can always ignore the Media. Then you can avoid the stigma and guilt of being a sheeplike consumer and still be happy."

This particular wiseman owns a CD player and I wish him many hours of listening pleasure. It's certainly his right. But, the CD represents much more than a new toy that I can do without. You see, its existence is 1) a serious cultural threat, and 2) denying the future viability of my record collection.

First things first: The CD changed the public's "record" buying habits. John Q. Public is most likely to spend fifteen dollars on a *Dark Side of the Moon* CD than on an unknown new artist who deserves exposure. The recording industry knows this of course, and subsequently are reissuing everything published in the last three decades in the new improved CD format. Consequently, new artists have to compete with the complete catalogues of fat, old and/or dead rock stars. The fat, old and dead win over the lean, young and living. It's much more profitable to flog the dead horse of *Old Rocks* than the latest Sonic Youth *oeuvre*. Rock and Roll, already ravaged by the wants of an aging and mellowing record buying public, warpedly marketed by the media who follows the bucks of the baby boomers, and rendered into new levels of superficiality by MTV, will cease in 1989 to be a current, progressive and popular music form. I will then be unable to find anything new and interesting in an average record store.

Second things second: Retailers, not being fools, are increasing record prices to match those of CDs. Once a price parity is reached, there will be no fucking good reason for anyone to keep buying vinyl. Retailers will then abandon my format of choice as being unprofitable. And then I will be unable to play anything on my turntable.

Having invested considerable cash into my record collection, I feel that I have been betrayed. What am I supposed to do? Buy CDs? I have a bookstore bill due with a five day notice. The recording industry, stereo industry and the masses of music retailers have all conspired to change my life in a multi-faceted way, without my consent. It's very frustrating having no control.

What does a poor boy do, but to acquiesce?

Nope. Nein. Never. I have declared war. I am breaking free from consumer passivity and asserting direct control over my music. My weapons are simple, my methods direct, and I won't stop until I have all the music I need to listen to for the rest of my life.

My method for consumer revolution is home taping. It's illegal -- it breaks precious



copyright laws. But I am not a saint and I count jaywalking, cheating on income tax and lying to the police among my many illegal activities. I am already a hardened criminal by the standards of law. And why should I respect the profit margins of record companies and their running dog lackeys like Mick Jagger, when they don't respect me? Nope. Open War: Let the Home Taping Spring Offensive begin. I'll even tape the previously mentioned wiseman's new Dylan. Dead CD corollary -- music should be free anyway. If we, the consumers, deny rock stars huge profits, maybe they wouldn't all stagnate into drug addicted wife beaters. And Mick Jagger would have to finish his college education so he could get a real job.

Addendum 1 - Actually, Rock and Roll will never really die. It'll go underground and breed undetected for years. But exposure will be limited and elitism will spring up, which is bullshit. R&R had meaning only as long as it was a populist music form.

Addendum 2 - The Grateful Dead are saints. Noone should tape their major label releases, because all their shows are available to tapers for free. Because of that noble move, they should be spared the attacks of guerilla tapers and have a guaranteed income when they don't feel like touring or whenever one of them goes into a coma.

P.S. - This is unrelated, but does anyone know why the Records on Wheels on Bloor St. suddenly closed down?

## U2 and the New Inquisition

Blitz

The fundamental problem in our society is lack of honesty. I mean, you can't trust nobody, especially not politicians, and *especially* not student politicians. I mean, we've had a total of one - count 'em, one - honest member of SAC this year, and he was a racist, fascist goof who got impeached. But at least he was open about his racism, fascism and goof-dom, as opposed to people like Helen C., our esteemed VP, who is not in favour of censorship, just censoring of McDowell, as she pointed out in a letter to one of the *Herald's* esteemed competitors.

Look: freedom of speech is one of the best ideals the human race has ever come up with. It is one of the basic foundations of this society. The only problem is that people like Helen, or the cop who's taking Fringe Records to court for distributing the new Dayglo Abortions' album, don't seem to understand that freedom of speech does *not* mean "the right to express views that I don't find offensive." It means what it says: freedom of speech. As in, "whether or not I agree with you, you still have the right to express your thoughts." Now, was that hard to understand?

Let's take Philippe Rushton as an example. I haven't read his paper asserting the genetic inferiority of blacks (and superiority of orientals), so I can't comment on the validity of his conclusions. I don't believe them myself, but to formally rebut them I'd need more knowledge than I possess at present. However, regardless of his views, censorship is not - is never - the answer. If you're offended by his views either ignore him (as I do) or publish a rebuttal. According to several people I talked to, his research was so shoddily done that the latter task should be easy. But to censor him suggests that one cannot adequately rebut him. It's like when you're arguing with a

big dumb jock and, since he's big, dumb and a jock, he beats you up when he starts losing the argument. Look: it's obvious to anyone with a brain (i.e. any non-SAC member) that Rushton is wrong, dead wrong. So why not rebut him, instead of taking the coward's way out?

But then again, cops and politicians have never been known for their courage. They hide behind a smokescreen of authority (a blue uniform and a gun, or a title given to them by sheep too stupid to boycott elections until someone with brains runs for office) and try to make rules for all of us. They babble about freedom, about ideals, and then flagrantly violate the ideals our country should stand for. The only difference between the left and right wing is that left-wingers' knees don't jerk quite as quickly as right-wingers', and that they talk a lot more about freedom, which ends up meaning that they're just bigger hypocrites. Then again, do we really deserve anything better?

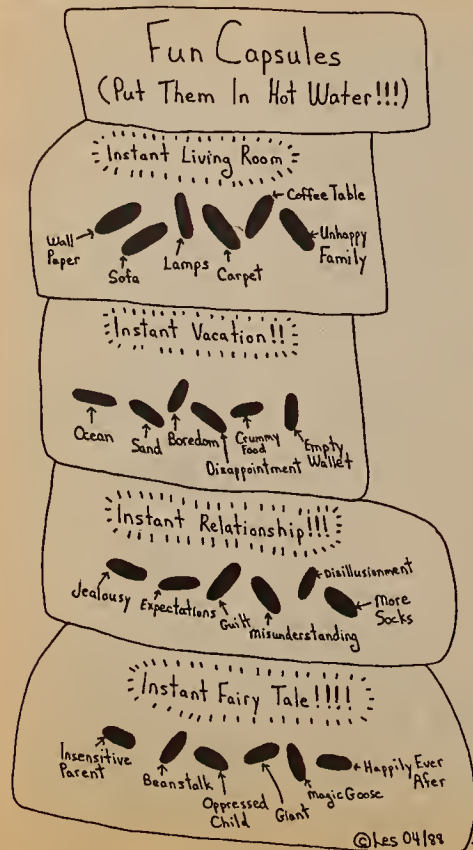
How many people care enough to try to make things better (and by 'better' I don't mean joining some bullshit trendy cause)? I don't, because I don't see the point in wasting my time with the kind of sheep (yes, I mean you and you and you) who do what they're told, think what they're told and read what they're told. I'm quite happy to let you go baaa-ing your way to a BMW, a suburban home and premature senility, because I really don't give a fuck about most of you. But when you start censoring things or thoughts, I get upset. You want the whole world to be pabulum, mush that you can swallow without chewing. You make vague pretenses of being concerned or liberal by buying the new U2 album, and ignoring anyone who's actually doing or saying something. You fuck whoever you're told to, and pretend to enjoy it. You go for the recognition of society or the pleasures of the body because any

ability you may have had to use or enjoy your mind has long since rotted away. You worship a patriarchal "father knows best" god of willful ignorance and masochism, who you all too correctly call a "good shepherd." Not that people like McDowell or racists like Rushton are any better: it's just that they're not much worse, in the long run, than you pretend. Rushton would deny rights to blacks because he's a racist jerk, and we can all see that that is contemptible, but denying rights to someone because you disagree with his views is just as bad.

As history has proven again and again, it's a short step from "justified" censorship to persecution of anyone outside the status quo. By letting Rushton or McDowell publish their asinine views, you give them the chance to be shown publicly as idiots. What one person has published, another can rebut. What is whispered in secrecy cannot be fought.

I hate having to argue about things like this, because I detest McDowell fully as much as I detest Helen Christodoulou, but proposed censorship outrages me enough that I must. This is a university damn it, not a breeding ground for would-be fascists. Racism will not go away by banning it: it can only be dispelled by proving how stupid and wrong-headed it is. But no, this idea just doesn't come naturally to would-be censors and book burners. Like their spiritual fathers in the Inquisition they say, "Burn 'em all and let God sort 'em out." And the sheep smile placidly, nod, and go back to listening to their Madonna albums.

Oh yeah, one more thing, this time in rebuttal of McDowell: The *only* distinctly criminal class in our society are the politicians, who are mainly white and (not incidentally) male, just like you and me, Darryl old pal. A lot of 'em are lawyers too, oddly enough.



# The Writing on the Wall

Ace St. George

Up my bum, ideed!  
Rather more like what's  
around sometimes when  
something is up there. Specifically  
I mean graffiti. More specifically I  
mean the crapola in men's  
washrooms, i.e. the Innis men's  
washrooms. I mean kids, let's  
grow up! Women, do you write  
stupid stuff in your designated  
washroom too? I've heard some  
instances, but something inside me  
hopes that it's not the whole of  
society that is lost, and just the  
men that need a little instructing.

Perhaps I go too fast. So after  
bouncing onto a soapbox painted  
inked, I explain:

Well, you see, down there in  
those highly inconveniently placed  
washrooms there is a plague of  
graffiti written by people who find  
great fun in dumb-oh humour and  
hate stuff.

For example, I mean what is this  
poo-poo rating stuff? Little lists of  
people's descriptions and ratings  
of their shits? Oh please, are we  
heading back to grade three when  
it was extremely funny when a  
classmate drew lewd penis pictures  
in the washroom? Poo-poo Doo-  
doo humour should have gone  
way out of style way back after  
we'd finished with our  
melodramatic bouts with  
adolescence. Perhaps I lack this  
special sense of humour, but then  
again if it involves this kind of  
stuff I think I prefer the deficiency.  
And then of course one may just  
say "If you don't like it close your  
eyes." Well, this is valid, but I'm  
used to having them open, and I  
like to read while making a  
deposit. So that's why I suggest a  
kind of reform, where we replace  
the old with the new. But first it is  
important to harp on about the hate  
stuff in those stalls that just has to  
go.

Anti-Chinese, anti-Palestinian,  
anti-Jewish, anti-other and  
homophobic stuff just abounds  
there. I mean, whoever wrote that  
bit "Kill all fags" and whoever  
agrees with it, give it a rest;  
homophobia is just so damn old,  
worn thin, and boring, not to  
mention what all that ill feeling  
must be doing to you  
hemorrhoids. All that hate just  
ain't good for the soul, and studies  
may some day show that its  
probably not all that conducive to a  
peaceful shit either. Imagine  
problems with sphincters and  
hemorrhoids in later life because  
the generation of people you went  
to university with were not  
enlightened enough to cut out this  
hating stuff. Perhaps our  
grandchildren will be blessed with  
minds and bowels free of such  
things. Perhaps we could do the  
same.

How, one may ask, how (oh  
person who has picked such a  
mundane topic) shall we do this?  
Well, perhaps by thinking before  
scribbling. I mean there's some  
good stuff up there, like lyrics to  
songs, poetry (good poetry, not  
poo-poo doo-doo ditties). The  
solution is simple: one could (if  
one really felt the urge) write the  
words to joyous songs by such  
wonderpeople as the amazing soul-  
mystic man Van Morrison. Ok, so  
that's a personal bias, and  
unfortunately people may then  
decide to make comments about  
the artful phrases that begin to  
appear, but if we're lucky we  
won't perpetuate this closed-minded  
non-acceptance stuff and get on

with open minds and peaceful  
pooping surrounded by thoughtful  
words of sages and poets. A  
peaceful shit? Ah, perchance to  
dream.

We couldn't be way ahead of  
ourselves in this reform, could  
we? I mean, we're not going to  
now start mincing on about Free  
Speech in bathrooms are we?  
Write what you like I guess, it's  
just a suggestion, and a fairly  
harmless one at that, to actually  
think of others before springing  
off the deep antipathy board.  
Personally I prefer the calmer  
stuff, or a simple peace sign, but  
hey, who am I but another member  
of the "They" that want to change  
things. Progress? "Naw," says  
mister anger, "Leave us alone to  
propagate our repressed hating  
stuff, we don't need change." Well  
Mr. Anger, I don't think change  
like this is really all that  
frightening. So what say, how  
'bout trying some open-  
mindedness?

Ok, so this is all rather snippy  
and perhaps reactionary (not to  
mention silly) but as someone may  
have said sometime, "We try, we  
try, until we die."



## The Trick

Nancy Friedland

He (the dealer) holds the cards.  
She (the gambler) waits.  
The game of lust at last begins  
The king of hearts at stake.

She fears she's not a gambler  
for she hums a borrowed tune  
(she's not a gambler) she accepts her cards  
And (she thinks) collects her ruin.

She is frightened now.  
Is it the scars she fears.  
Or the fear of scars?  
Or the pain of freshly wounded pride?

She (the gambler) thumbs her cards,  
He (the dealer) glances; winking  
She hopes that death will take her quickly.  
She hates to feel she's sinking.

And then, to end it, the coin is tossed  
In the distance something shatters.

Nothing is lost -  
but the king. (Poor thing, he whimpers)

She thinks she'll cry. No sound of defeat.  
though screams are preferred to silence  
She gathers the scattered pieces of pride.  
and she (the gambler) takes the trick  
and walks away a winner.

## Blitz or Myth?

Wille Aames

The Oxford English Dictionary  
defines the word "blitz" as a  
sudden destructive or  
overwhelming attack. The  
Argonaut line-backers describe it  
as something they've never quite  
been able to achieve. And a  
resident junky at Innis says that it  
is the ultimate experience in  
hallucinogenics. However, none  
of these descriptions seem to apply  
to the phenomenon circulating in  
and around the Innis Café. Yes,  
they all seem to lack that little  
something which captures the very  
essence of a tie-dye T-shirt. That  
anti-trend setter's trend setter. That  
cono-sewer of the thrash guitar.  
The child without a home. The  
none-rebellious adolescent. The  
none student who no one ever sees  
attend class. The man whose  
vocabulary is "coffee or tea?" ...  
Who are we talking about? The  
one and only "Blitz!" The im-  
keeper of the Innis Café. The  
world renowned columnist of the  
*Innis Herald*. The man who does  
it all, and does it so ... The extra  
terrestrial with the permanent cold.  
The man whose real name is  
"Tim," "Bob," "Eric," or "Blitz Or  
Something."

What is it that makes this guy so  
unique? The answer is something  
that will probably elude science for  
many years, so we've decided not  
to ask any scientist. Instead, we've  
taken many surveys in the hope  
that collectively they will be able to  
shed a sliver of light onto the true  
nature of this creature. To begin,  
we asked a number of travellers

who frequent the best as well as  
the worst of the globe's beaches;  
however, this avenue of research  
proved fruitless, as all those  
questioned replied that no matter  
how much sand they ate, whether  
accidental or deliberate, they were  
unable to imitate the gravelly voice  
of the target of our investigation.  
Next, we asked the Maître d' at  
Winston's to provide us with  
information concerning "Blitz Or  
Something's" unusual style of  
restaurant etiquette, but he  
wouldn't speak with us. Then, not  
discouraged, yet somewhat less  
enthusiastic, we spoke with  
representatives from UofT's own  
radio station CIUT, 98 point  
something on your dial, and much  
to our delight they promised to air  
their response. However, this too  
proved ineffectual as we were  
unable to locate the station on our  
radio. So, as a penultimate resort  
we thought we'd try a more  
official approach. We sought  
information from the wino who  
bums money for bus fare at the  
corner of St. George and Bloor.  
And, after bribing him with three  
tokens, a children's ticket, the Sun  
newspaper, a piece of gum, and a  
recommendation for another busy  
corner that might have as many  
suckers passing by as the one he  
was on, he told us that "Blitz Or  
Something" worked at the Innis  
Café.

This being the case, and since  
we were outside, we thought we'd  
take our survey to the streets. We  
asked a student of Victoria college  
what he knew about the  
mysterious man behind the

Essays giving you a headache?

Take two aspirin and  
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

counter, and he replied, "Blitz  
who?" Several other students said  
that they didn't have time to talk  
with us; a girl maced our  
interviewer because she thought he  
was accosting her; a somewhat  
promiscuous female became angry  
when she discovered he wasn't;  
and an old lady asked us to speak  
louder and when we did she called  
for the police, thinking we were  
muggers. With this, it occurred to  
us that maybe the reputation of  
"Blitz Or Something" might indeed  
not be as widespread as we had  
anticipated. Nevertheless, we  
continued on our quest with the  
one provision that we would  
restrict our interrogations to those  
students of Innis College. But we  
couldn't find any. And since we  
were very cold, we went back  
inside in order to speak with actual  
patrons of "Blitz Or Something's"  
place of employment. We've  
promised anonymity to all those  
who supplied us with information  
concerning "Blitz Or Something,"  
which leaves us in a bit of a spot  
since anything we say would  
reveal our sources, so we can't

print anything.

If you are receiving the  
impression that we are making fun  
of "Blitz Or Something," that we  
are suggesting he is a freak left  
over from an as yet to happen era,  
that we are envious of his less-  
than-smooth voice, that we can  
understand what it is that he writes  
in the *Innis Herald*, that we feel  
him to be a target of ridicule or  
much worse, contempt, that we  
believe the sound of a thrash guitar  
is an analogy to his intellect, that  
he is incapable as a café keeper,  
that we are in need of a particular  
brand of psychological treatments,  
or that tie-dye T's and therefore  
the man himself is out of fashion,  
we're not. This is simply the  
documentation of a long and  
arduous research project which has  
attempted to provide the answers  
to the many questions in the minds  
of those who can ask them, on a  
topic which is of the utmost  
interest to us all. We are Anti-  
Nothing. We are the trying-not-to-  
be-abrasive voice of the "Blitz Or  
Something" fan club.



# Xenophon & Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

X: We'd like to begin by thanking our enthusiastic reading audience for their overwhelming response to our monthly call for questions.

O: We have been inundated with a flood of letters, a flood unsurpassed in both quantity and quality. When we got back to our office we couldn't find our way to our desks, there were so many letters waiting for us. We couldn't even find our way to the usual mess which prevents us from finding our way to our desks. Now this brings up the following question: if we were to leave these letters unanswered, and if they were to continue to arrive at this same torrential rate, would the new letters prevent us from finding our way to the letters that prevent us from finding our way to the mess that keeps us from finding our desks? But if the answer to this question is yes, then it follows that there could be another set of letters that prevents us once again from finding a way to the letters that, etc., and so on in an infinite recursion. But this in turn brings us to another question, namely what is the critical number of letters that prevents one from finding one's way? And how can one deal with such a situation? If one can't find the letters, then how can one ever get rid of them? Will we ever find our desks again? And furthermore what if we found --

X: Cut the crap Og. There's an obvious flaw in your argument, which you would have noticed even if you weren't so involved in --

O: And what's this flaw?

X: Well, if you're writing this column you must have at least answered one letter, unless there are no letters to answer, in which case everything that you have just said is a complete lie. That is, there is no flood of letters to hide the mess that hides the desk. If you did answer one letter than you found at least one letter in which case you have either a) answered the one letter that there actually is, in which case you can find the mess that leads to the desk or b) demonstrated that letters can be found and answered, despite the fact that the desk can't be found, so that any future mess can



eventually be found. So you must at least be able to find the mess. Given your innate solpiness, however, the question as to whether or not you can find your desk is still open. However, if we take into account the fact that your desk is the only one in a two thousand mile radius that can accommodate the clod-like hammer blows that you deal to your typewriter, and if we also take into account the fact that you are typing this column, you must be at your desk.

O: Well fine, you've got me there, but you agreed to this opening statement, and I was just --

X: So you might as well tell our readers that we've only got one letter, one measly letter, with only one question to --

O: Ok. The question for this week, our only question from our accursed readers, is "What happens if you try to fry Velcro in a teflon pan?"

X: I'd like to start off by saying that this is a very difficult question to answer. It requires hours of research and very careful --

O: It also requires a very advanced civilization --

X: Look, Og, I'm just trying to set out the problem.

O: And I would like to point out the preconditions of this problem. That which is assumed by asking this question. First of all, Velcro and Teflon are trademarked names. Not only are they, as substances, highly sophisticated materially and chemically, which means they must presuppose an advanced science, but they are trademarked, so we must presuppose capitalism and vast hordes of marketing researchers to come up with these stupid names. Thus it entails the

oppression and indoctrination of the masses by the advertising divisions who generate the revenue for the marketing divisions by bombarding the masses with their advertising. And this in turn presupposes masses that are ready to call sheets of paper that are used to blow one's nose, Kleenex, a misbegotten and sickly corrupted word if there ever was one. Moreover --

X: Look, Og, I think you're flying off the hook a bit there, because you resent my earlier comments.

O: No, I'm just stating the obvious. And look at the question again. It asks about frying, not roasting in flames. So here we have a civilization with metal and pans. Discrimination! Furthermore, it asks what is going to happen when the frying occurs. It assumes some collection of events is going to happen, and that collection as a collection is an important and meaningful thing. And it ties the two together causally.

X: Ok, big deal, we can talk about this later, although it's really a bit dry and dull, exactly the type of thing that puts off our readers. The point here is to answer the question first of all and then --

O: Well if you want raunch, how's this? Both products originate with the 3M corporation. Now if we look at this company's name we find a curious result. 'M' is the 13th letter of the alphabet. So, what do we have here? Three 13's. A sign of trouble if there ever was one. But that's not all. First of all, let's add up the letters in 'Scotch', 3M's other name: 19+3+15+20+3+8, which equals 68. Now reverse the digit sequence in each of the 13's we end up with three 31's. Now add 68 to each of these and we end up with 99 99 99. Flip them over, regroup them and we get 666 666, double scariness --

X: The devil! Ok, let's get on with it. In order to find out what happens, we had to conduct experiments in our test kitchen.

O: We don't have a test kitchen.

X: So I did it at a restaurant, big deal. We had to find out how exactly we should conduct the test. So we called in an expert for consultation.

O: Who would let us pay him in cash or tomatoes, which ever came first.

X: In order to get the most representative results, we were to use medium grade Velcro, hook and eye (rather than hook and fuzz type). Industrial strength Velcro would bias the experiment to the Velcro's side --

O: Already you're establishing sides, portraying it as a fight, a struggle. Fascist oppressor --

X: Neanderthal! The frying pan was to be of the popular type, in order to give the results true universality. T-Fal was chosen.

O: \$3.33 on sale at Woolco's.

X: The oil to be used was Extra Virgin olive oil, in order to be hip and trendy, and produce hip and trendy theory. Og will tell you about our method. Put down the typewriter, Og.

O: Our control for this experiment was a Russian recipe for a lightly fried duck Kiev. In keeping with our policy on ducks, we did not directly cause the death of any ducks, but used ducks which had died from violent unknown events.



X: I should explain our rationale for using ducks. Everybody knows that nothing sticks to ducks, thus the saying "...like water off a duck's back...". If water doesn't stick to a duck nothing will. So if duck does stick to the frying pan and Velcro does too, then the Velcro isn't sticking because it is not sticky as a thing-in-itself but is only sticking because Teflon doesn't work, as ducks a priori don't stick to anything. Sorry for the interruption Og.

O: No problem Xenophon. Your toga is showing. We hired a cab to go to the restaurant, but once in the cab Og and I got into a violent fight about the oppression of labour, which was provoked by a nasty comment that Xenophon made about slaves, which --

X: Look Og, you don't have to tell them --

O: The result of this quarrel, which got out of hand, was a

traffic accident which resulted in the loss of one tomato, the finding of one letter, and the mysterious but unrelated death of one duck. We managed to pocket the duck before being carted off to prison. After our release we once again set off to the restaurant, but this time on foot. Unfortunately, Xenophon had left his club at home, and when we were accosted by a mugger, we had to give up our duck. No matter. The restaurant had many more, all of them victims of violent events.

X: I'll continue Og, you're getting a bit long winded. Our chef fired up the stove, put our two T-Fal frying pans on it, drizzled in a tiny but exquisite amount of olive oil and gently deposited the duck Kiev in one pan and the Velcro in another. Og and I went out for a walk while the experiment sizzled away. When we got back we recorded the results, and then had the chef repeat the experiment a number of times in order to ensure accuracy and the non-randomness of the results.

O: Or more bluntly, Xenophon really likes duck Kiev. As a vegetarian I find this truly offensive and question Xenophon's moral competence as --

X: Look, be quiet, let me finish. I don't give a damn about my moral competence, this is science that we're talking about. And here are the results --

O: The Velcro did stick - ha, stole your thunder Xenophon.

X: But the duck didn't --

O: Except to the inside of your stomach, you decadent carnivore philosopher gourmand empiricist --

X: Which of course proves that there is no such thing as a no stick frying pan --

O: And the capitalists are out to deceive us --

X: And you shouldn't eat Velcro, or use it in your frying pans because you'll never get it off the bottoms of them.

O: Into buying products under false pretenses. Moreover, science leads to moral bankruptcy and mass carnage. For in conducting this experiment, we, I mean Xenophon has consumed a vast quantity of duck, no matter how they met their end. Furthermore, it also shows the non-necessary status of technology for ducks --

X: Og, please just stop it. Let's go for lunch.

O: Yeah, ok. But please send us more letters next month.

## When it's Time to Cut the Grapevine

Janet Abugov

I work at a pretty happening pub at the corner of Yonge and Summerhill called Wylies. Aside from the crowd and the fun atmosphere, one of the biggest pluses of working there has been the music. Anything from Van Morrison to Sarah Vaughn to Hothouse Flowers can be heard there. In short, Wylies has a variety of both current and classic tunes.

Now I was downstairs at Wylies one time, looking up the origin of Omelette, when I had the sudden revelation that the sixties are over. They happened over twenty years ago. And at the risk of offending my friends who follow the Grateful Dead, who can't wait for psychedelic Sundays on Q107, who relive the experience at RPM

on psychedelic Mondays and who are still searching for the lost Lennon tapes, I urge everyone to wake up to new music.

Some examples? I was going to mention Annie Lennox's song "Put a Little Love in your Heart" as a good start to the day, until I found out that Annie is only singing an updated version of the song by sixties singer Jackie DeShannon. You just can't be sure. It seems that the record companies have made the creative discovery that they need only get a current performer to rerelease old songs. We take Jackie's "Put a Little Love in your Heart" give it Annie, and we "Put a Little Moncy in our Pockets."

My plea for music listeners to get out of the sixties comes after a rather frustrating day at work. The only music downstairs at Wylies

comes from the juke box. It is well stocked with current music yet invariably each customer that asks for change ends up selecting another favourite from the Big Chill. It got to the point where I would gladly have stood in a mall and answered an hour long questionnaire about my humidifier rather than be subject to hearing "Heard it Through the Grapevine", one more time.

Someone is waving a dollar bill in my face for change. I give four quarters to him, smile, and think; if you put on one of those songs again, I'll kill you.

"Thanks," he says.

"No problem," I say.

We stand there a minute watching the TV. The California Raisin commercial comes on.

"Aren't they great?" he says. I kill him.



A dog pretends to be a maple leaf and makes it onto the cover of a stamp.

# Woah, Lookout...Irony!

Steve Gravestock

Watching a Joseph Ruben film, like *The Stepfather* or *Dreamscape* or his latest *True Believer*, you're liable to experience some of the same sensations -- like shock and a sudden rush of adrenalin -- you felt when you saw a movie for the first time. He's practically the ideal pop filmmaker: intelligent but energetic, sophisticated and primal. When Ruben uses a basic technique -- like shooting the villain from a low angle -- it doesn't seem clichéd; you realize why clichés become clichés. In the right hands they're real effective. The light in his films is vibrant and intense, you get caught right up in what's going on like you do in a dream. You pull back a bit, and keep thinking it's not real, but can't resist getting sucked into it anyway. That's a tired comparison, I know, but it's about the only thing I can compare the experience to. Ironically, but predictably, his films are almost always commercial failures despite the fact that he makes thrillers, one of the most reliable genres commercially. His stuff is too sophisticated for the type of audience that flocks to see Eddie Murphy movies (some scenes actually include irony, a device Eddie never uses) and too emotionally exhausting for middle

class (sometimes there is more than one emotion at a scene; *Kramer vs. Kramer* never asked for that).

His new film -- *True Believer* -- is vintage Ruben. It focuses on an ex-hippie lawyer, Eddie Dodd (James Woods), who's fallen on hard times. A hot-shot civil rights activist in the 60's, he's been reduced to defending drug dealers on constitutional grounds. His idealistic new assistant -- Roger Baron (Robert Downey, Jr.) -- and the opportunity to defend someone who might actually be innocent -- a Korean immigrant who was convicted of killing a member of a rival street gang eight years ago -- lift him out of his lethargy. Ruben and scriptwriter Wesley Strick shove this aspect into the background rather quickly though. With cinematographer John W. Lindley, Ruben establishes Eddie's revivification stylistically. Eddie gets more and more mercurial and obsessed with absolving Kim, his client, as the film proceeds, and the camera does too. When Eddie and Roger check out the murder site the camera loops, spins and lurches along with his thoughts.

The film is much more radical than it appears. Ruben and Strick focus on the possibility of justice in a racist, class-based society and the way a society dispenses with its marginal members to preserve and protect the status quo. These subjects aren't developed schematically or too overtly, I'd say they were adumbrated but that would be misleading you about the tone of the work. It would be like saying a bull in a china shop was untidy or that James Brown surpassed the speed limit in that three state high-speed chase he had with the police a couple of months ago.

One of the best aspects of the film is the way it deals with social outcasts but -- with the exception of some Aryan army members -- never judges them or tries to make them endearing in any middle class way. Dodd's client, Kim (Yuji Okumoto), is cold, hostile and angry as befits someone who's just spent eight years in a maximum security prison. (Roger feels like he's been mugged after their first encounter.) One of Eddie's key witnesses is a paranoid schizophrenic but Ruben and Strick don't see him as a freak or exploit him for cheap laughs. He's not considered a non-person because he's crazy. He's just crazy. Instead, Ruben and Strick express contempt for the characters who pass themselves off as decent. When a character says something pious in this film, we know he's a fake.

Ruben and Strick achieve their greatest success with the central character. Eddie's hardly a textbook hero. He smokes pot the way an outdoors freak sucks back fresh air. He's arrogant, insensitive and paranoid. (In one great little detail, while alone in his office, he takes up to Hendrix's ultra-paranoid "All Along the Watchtower.") Despite the fact that his assistants are killing themselves trying to build a case out of nothing except Eddie's personal conviction that Kim is innocent, he can't resist laying into them when things go badly. Like a school yard smartass, he can't keep his mouth shut no matter what. While being severely beaten by a thug, for taking on Kim's case, he still spews out wisecracks. At the same time, his faith in his client and himself and his instinctive contempt for self-serving decency make him heroic. American movies probably haven't

had this type of hero since the surgeons in Altman's *Mash*. This film doesn't romanticize its hero to the same extent though; he never loses sight of his smarmy aspects.

In small roles, James Woods often comes across as overwrought and ludicrously intense. Since *Salvador* though, his roles have gotten much bigger and his true talents have come to light. He's perfect for marginal characters; he doesn't soft pedal them, he gets right underneath them and show what makes them tick. Probably no other actor could pull off the monomaniacal lines he does here. Badgering a witness who's critically ill, he shouts "Nobody dies until I hear the truth." I'm not sure how much of the dialogue was improvised and how much was actually in the script, but if Strick was responsible, he's another Robert Towne, tailoring his dialogue to suit his actors. You have to have seen James Woods before -- he talks incessantly -- to understand how some of Wood's dialogue is perfectly suited for him. Menaced by things, they ask him if he'll keep quiet. Woods responds "I can't shut up." The supporting cast is great as well. As Roger Baron, Dodd's idealistic clerk, Robert Downey has hunched, virtuous shoulders, as if he's constantly weighed down by an ethical burden. As District Attorney Robert Renard, Kuntwood Smith is the perfect "stooge of the ruling class", as Eddie calls him. With his huge forehead and his calm, assured speech he looks like his middle name is status quo. He's real seedy.

This movie is morally uplifting but not in the conventional, creepy sense. It's a grungy, ethical ramrod. You will almost believe that a lawyer can tell the truth.

## Old Deuteronomy

Rick Campbell

Let's talk about rock n' roll for a few minutes. Blitz tells me that The Replacements album *Don't Tell a Soul* is the best rock n' roll album of the eighties, and I believe him. There's probably another record that also fits this bill. I can't remember every record that came out in the eighties, even if I did buy most of them. Blitz plays the new Replacements album incessantly in Innis Pub, thereby getting it the usual result of that time-honoured rock n' roll tradition, heavy rotation--one ends up adoring or despising the record. It's hard to think of another record to take the lofty place of *Don't Tell a Soul*, when Paul Westerberg is screaming in your ear that "anywhere is better than HEERRRREEEEEEAAARGH!" (In view of a burgeoning student election campaign and a T.A. strike, I have to agree.)

This is kind of strange. I'm usually bashing SAC right about now but Blitz has so thoroughly covered it this time that I really don't feel like doing it. So here I am writing about music. Let me say in passing though that the Gardner administration has revealed itself to be a complete disaster. However, if the other candidate had won last year, he too would have been a disaster, so let's not regret for whom we voted. Rather, let us call into question the sanity of voting at all. Hey! I'm SAC-bashing! Back to music.

Anyway, besides The Replacements' masterpiece there's a fabulous new Lou Reed album out. REM's new disc is also incredible. Eventually all these

bands are going to come to Toronto and play. However, when the Replacements come to town to rock down the house, they won't be able to get into it. That's because some moron decided we needed another couple of years of Andrew Lloyd Webber's CATS. Rum Tum Tigger Bean Bag Loophole's Litterbox Song makes more sense for Massey Hall than real music, so now Lou Reed, of all people, faces the ignoble task of playing Roy Thompson Hall.

Roy Thompson Hall! That most sterile of venues! Home of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The T.S.O. really needed to move into a lifeless brick and cement structure with a lot of lights, expensive bar and mediocre acoustics! You haven't lived until you've heard Elgar played in this environment. You haven't died and gone to hell until you hear "Sweet Jane" in said same environment. (However, the bar will no doubt be closed for the Reed gig.) Roy Thompson Hall rarely somewhere between Hamilton Place and the O'Keefe Centre. All of these venues succeed magnificently at putting a force field between the audience and the artistic experience.

Where do we get to see REM? Why Maple Leaf Gardens! Perfect. Why they be ferried to the stage by a Zamboni? I saw Neil Young do a solo performance there once and I had to wonder at the logic of sitting a mile up in the Greys to listen to a beanpole sitting in a chair with an acoustic guitar strum "Heart of Gold." (By the way I was in a Gold seat near the stage. Too close for comfort if you ask me.)

I went to a Springsteen concert at the Ex once where I sat so far

away that I had to wonder if the big screen Broooooce I was forced to watch was actually the brown t-shirted dot running around on stage. Brecht's alienation effect has nothing on the worst excesses of the rock biz. (You'd think the New Jersey rocker could have had a laser light show and some floating pigs or something to liven things up for us peanut gallery stuffs.)

I really don't care so much about the above acts. I was lucky enough to see Lou Reed in a funky Massey Hall meltdown. Musician and Hall were completely suited to each other as have been all the rock gigs I've seen at this seedy but gorgeous venue. (If Massey hadn't been there for the Tom Waits shows last year, we would have had to build it for him.) REM will probably do their best to overcome Ballard Palace and will not sell out the place anyway. There may be reasonable seats for punters as well as press and radio sycophants. I don't care if I ever

see Springsteen again unless it's an acoustic show preferably in Innis Pub devoid of Springsteen fans. (Then Blitz and I can get drunk and shout out rude things at him like, "Do you know any Neil Young?")

BUT THE REPLACEMENTS! When they come, and they will come, where the hell will they come to? God, am I to watch the sorry spectacle of these majestic rockers attempting to set the concrete monstrosity of Roy Thompson Hall on fire? No! Snooty doormen ask us low bred rock n' roller types to check our coats at the door? (I called R.T.H. once to inquire about Siouxsie and the Banshees' tickets and the rawther English fellow asked me if I was sure I wanted third row as it might be rawther loud!) Will Paul Westerberg have to do all his pre-show drinking at the hotel? Will he deign to drink in the lobby bar with us? Will he pay for our drinks? Blitz tells me that they will

probably play the Concert Hall. I think they're bigger than that but maybe they're just legends in my own mind. In any case that would be great! The only drawback is that the Concert Hall isn't licensed.

Imaginary conversation:

Paul W.: Where are we being stuck up there? Ildiko's was pretty good. Lee's Palace was great although I can't remember what it looked like.

Promoter: You're playing Roy Thompson Hall, where the Symphony plays.

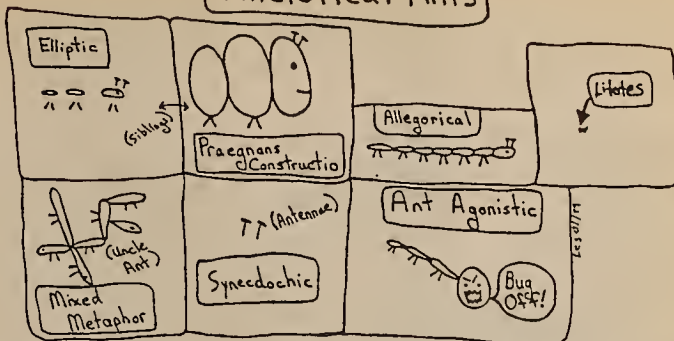
(Sound of Tommy Stinson throwing up.)

Paul W.: Ahhhh...we've finally arrived! I say Tommy, hand me that Poilly Poison Chateau de Lac '63, and a dirty glass. This call for a celebration.

Tommy: Are we still gonna do that cover of "Rum Tum Tigger Bean Bag Loophole's Litterbox Song"?

Paul W.: You bet your sweet ass!

## Rhetorical Ants



# The Obscured and Unexpected



Burkhard

In the last *Innis Herald* I suggested that you listen to a live recording on CBC from a band called 3 Mustaphas 3. The show was recorded at the Winnipeg Folk Festival and was quite a soulful delight. My self-indulgent synopsis for this band would be to compare them to Toronto's Shuffle Demons. Pure, fun, non-classifiable sounds with a lot of soul. Now, the host of this particular CBC show, Karen Gordon, appeared rather serious or at least too earnest in the interview she did with one of the 3 Mustaphas 3. But her previous employments included Q-107 and regional promotions manager with Polygram Records so it figures.

Here's the interview. Heejaz was in London, England:



Karen Gordon: Hello, Hello?

Heejaz: Hello!

K.G.: Can you hear me?

H.: I can hear you.

K.G.: Who do I have here, is this Heejaz?

H.: Yes it is!

Noise.

H.: You can hear the man struggling with the microphone. He is enjoying that, he is a

technician. He is banging it and bending it. So, can you hear me? I can answer any question you want.

K.G.: Are you the chief Mustapha?

H.: Well, one of six, yes.

K.G.: One of six chiefs?

H.: Yes.

K.G.: O.K., you're based in London now, but where are you from originally?

H.: Oh, we have a village title, ah, titled Segerelli (check old *Herald*), which is kind of our home town. It is really more like a village. Ah, new town thing. We are its official ambassadors to the world.

K.G.: How wonderful.

H.: Well yes, everybody who leaves the village. It's not a special honour really. We don't have a certificate or anything like that.

K.G.: Well, you don't need one really to be an ambassador, do you?

H.: I don't know. Maybe you need a chain around your neck or a big hat.

K.G.: I don't think so.

H.: I don't think so.

K.G.: How many Mustaphas are there?

H.: Ah, there are 5 to 17.

K.G.: Are they all brothers?

H.: No they are sister, cousins and an uncle.

K.G.: Ah ha. Now, did music always play a large part in this family?

H.: Well we did play a large part of music in the family. People who don't play music are, perhaps, a little dry.

K.G.: And how would you suggest they change that?

H.: Go into a swimming pool with an instrument.

K.G.: Okay. Alright, I understand that you recorded an album in the swimming pool?

H.: Yes, we did try that. That was very successful, but the swimming pool is now demolished.

K.G.: Because of the recording

session or...?

H.: I think as a consequence, yes. It's a bit sad, I feel responsible, ah, but I wanted to make a film out of destroying the swimming pool but, ah, I wasn't able to do it.

K.G.: That's too bad, it would have been fun to see.

H.: Maybe.

K.G.: Heejaz, when did you actually decide to form a band and make this a profession?

H.: Well, we were professionals for six years in Europe, what they call EEC, the European Community, and before that we were also professional but that is before we came to work in London.

K.G.: So, in your village?

H.: Yes, of course.

K.G.: And what would the playing arrangements be in this village?



H.: Oh, what you call Saloon, Honky-Tonk bar, something like this: Truck-driver House.

K.G.: What kind of music did you play there?

H.: Just favourites for truck drivers and, ah, lovers and things, sentimental and dance pieces.

K.G.: I know what that would be over here, what would it be over in your village?

H.: Well, kind of Country and Eastern. Like, um, Hank Williams or something.

K.G.: Oh, so really?

H.: We can do that. We understand that we can speak American and North African, and it's no problem.

K.G.: Okay, what

instrumentations do you use?

H.: We are using traditional instruments like the drum kit, the electric base guitar, the electric synthesizer. These are made throughout the world now, and we use other modern instruments like bagpipes and violin.

K.G.: These are all instruments I know. Do you use any I wouldn't know?



H.: We have traditional instruments like amplifier and microphone.

K.G.: Ah, I see.

H.: These are for enhancement of the voice and volume and sonority of the instruments, to make them more resonant and direct.

K.G.: I see, very similar to Western rock music?

H.: Very similar. It is directly the same. You need no extra skill to play them.

K.G.: What are the roots of the music that the 3 Mustaphas 3 play, the musical roots?

H.: Musical roots yes. It was really originated from kinda Balkan, European, Balkan dance and wedding music. But since we expanded 'cause of the honky-tonk work, we expanded to play Indian film songs and North African tunes. Many different things. We are musicians, we are not limited.

You see, we don't have a world view, we are very happy to expand. It is important to listen to other music and play.

K.G.: That's very progressive. I think that the Mustaphas have a reputation as traditional musicians. But unlike a lot of traditional musicians, you are traditional musicians who are looking at everyone's tradition.

H.: Well, you know, all music is a kind of tradition. The keypoint of tradition is change. Change is very much important in tradition and we must make new things and we must re-invent things. You can't be stuck in the mud.

K.G.: Oh, that's wonderful, I like that. Heejaz, do you remember the Winnipeg Folk Festival, was that your first time in Canada?

H.: Yes.

K.G.: And what were your impressions?

H.: It was very flat. But I liked it, I was very happy to meet the heart beat of wheat. It was very good.

K.G.: Terrific. Do you remember anything about your concert?

H.: Yes, I remember. The lights went out after the first number. All the power fused and the lights went out. We carried on playing with the amplifiers. They were working but the lights weren't. After the show everyone came up and said, "very good light show! Thank you very much". They thought it was planned because it happened right after the first number, beautiful timing. It was an accident, we just carried on playing in the dark. It was most attractive.

K.G.: I bet looking at the people in the dark was nice, you got to see them for a change.

H.: Yes it was good and some people brought out flash lights and we were flashing them about. It was very attractive.

K.G.: Well Heejaz, it's been a pleasure talking to you.

H.: It's a pleasure to be broadcast in such a big country, and we are waving our hands at you.



## Beaver vs. Kafka

Lesley Turner

Some critics have objected to the 1950's setting of the film *Parents*, claiming that the era of Betty Crocker cooking is just too easy to satirize and asking why doesn't someone make fun of 80's parenting? Defamiliarization, so to speak, is the answer to that question. Besides, while *Parents* is easily comprehended by children, the realist verisimilitude is pertinent to baby-boom children who have presumably grown up.

Since the producer of *Parents*, Bonnie Palef, hails from Toronto, I began to wonder whether she had sent the set design crew to garage sales in Paris Ontario to obtain the impeccable pre-post-modern furnishings. In Paris, a café-less society that does not make changes on the schedule of the decade, the 50's extended into the 60's. I should know. I used to live there. Nobody models their home after the Jetsons anymore. We take our cues from the Keatons. Think of *Parents* in 1989 and picture a shot of a beige Toyota Tercel pulling up to the cellar door of a basement bachelor apartment furnished with Ikea furniture. Who's to notice?

The film is a mutilation of *Leave it to Beaver* but not nearly as entertaining, (not that that word has anything to do with why I go to the movies) unless you count a synecdochic shot of a golf club

raised higher than grass level whizzing through the air as an agent of middle-America's murderous impulses, funny (and I do). Comic relief is necessary after so many doe-eyed shots of the innocent boy. Lassic come home. Please.

If anyone is tempted to feel nostalgia, *Parents*, like the *Innis Herald*, will bite you back and spit out the bones. Twas brillig and the slithy toves ad infinitum. I hear the sequel will be called *Grandparents*.

Jay Scott and Rick Groen are of the opinion that the film owes more to psychoanalytic theory than to literature. I guess they haven't read *Jane Eyre* or *Frankenstein* since it appears that Freud owes more to his narrative predecessors than they could possibly owe to him. The dad seems to be pissed off that he is Ward Cleaver. Mom is a bit more benign and witty. She facetiously compliments her dinner party hostess on the party snack with a Kraft mini-coloured marshmallows made from a recipe off a Chex cereal box, when you know she would prefer liver paté. The boy would rather be a vegetarian and end up with less aggressive dietary requirements. Instead he loses his membership in the non-violence club and murders his father with a little help from his mother.

The story is simple and obvious, yet the subjective camera style is

effective combined with *Eraserhead*-like sound effects. I left the film feeling disturbed and I am not referring to my nausea levels. Vats of guts are harmless as long as they're not accompanied by perceptual experiments such as those of Michael Snow and Stan Brakhage, which have given me motion sickness and that I will not forgive. The perspective of the child must have touched my atavistic memories. Tying him up with a rope to literalize family togetherness is over-obvious, but spinning the camera 360 degrees around the scene while he was "untied" was a clever way of implicating the Eaton Centre audience.

The kid brings home the endearingly disheveled school social worker to let her see the ugly little secret that he has uncovered in the basement. Get set...they see something...it's just a rat...the kid has been hallucinating and so have you. Then one of the most gratuitous adrenalin shots in the history of cheap gore. Ker plunk...the body in question. Don't worry I haven't blown the surprise. The second time that I saw the film (in the interest of scholarly criticism) and fully anticipated it, it still yelled "Boof!" The movie turns. You know because the camera goes barreling up the heat duct in reverse this time. This is not a dream Beaver.

Where the Time Went

To the Beach

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# Fuzzy Pink Bedroom Slippers

Steve Gravestock

In Emile Ardolino's *Chances Are*, a young district attorney who's wildly, blandly in love with his wife, dies in a traffic accident and is reincarnated as Alex Finch (Robert Downey, Jr.), a somewhat bland but energetic journalism student. However, the powers-that-be fail to erase his memory. Consequently, he remembers everything when he encounters Corrine (Cybill Shepard), his wife from his previous existence. Corrine is still obsessed with her deceased husband -- she bakes him birthday cakes and leaves him peppermint patties on the night table -- and has remained chaste for twenty-three years. Needless to say, she expresses some doubts when Alex claims to be her dead husband. Faithful Phillip (Ryan O'Neal) revealed his love for Corrine to her husband, his best friend, at her wedding, but still hasn't worked up enough courage to tell her. Things get more complicated (not surprisingly). Phillip works up the courage to make overtures to Corrine, who has just accepted Alex as her dead husband and is desperate to jump into bed with him. Corrine's daughter, Miranda (Mary Stuart Masterson), begins breathing heavily around Alex, who's her father in spirit. (He and Miranda are attracted to one another the first time they meet, before he encounters Corrine and his memory returns.)

This all sounds rather fast-paced and frantic but it isn't. Emile Ardolino is a decent, assured craftsman who works well with performers. Like many Hollywood craftsmen before him though, he's at a complete loss without a good script. His previous effort *Dirty*

*Dancing* - faltered badly when the screenwriter got maudlin and started fantasizing. Here much the same thing happens.

Screenwriters Perry and Randy Howze attempt to unite two diametrically opposed genres. The pivotal event -- two lovers being reunited after being separated by death -- suggests romantic fantasy. The outcome extolls the virtues of maturity and accepting fate. Why would anyone want to make or see a rational, mature *Tristan and Isolde*? Moreover, the confusion about who's linked up with whom and the final outcome illustrate the arbitrary nature of desire and that's hardly a staple element in romantic fantasy. The Howzes rush past the most promising comic situations -- particularly a session the revitalized and incredibly ripe Corrine has with her psychiatrist -- in a hurry to get the couples properly, virtuously paired up and before the altar.

Unfortunately, Ardolino emphasizes the fantasy aspects of the script so the comic elements only come through hazily. Literally, William Fraker shoots the film in soft focus and uses very soft, pastoral colours. (The film is heavy on the kind of pink that you find only in Doris Day - Rock Hudson films or in your grandmother's bathroom.) This may be the first soft focus comedy since *Pillow Talk*. I'm skipping over Maria-Luis Bremberg's *Camilla* because some people took that seriously.

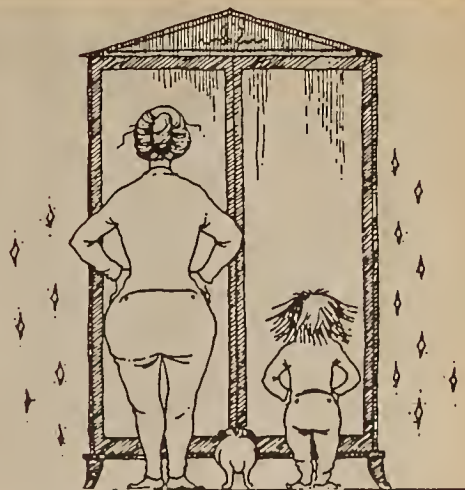
Ardolino's conception of romantic fantasy is too banal to give the film much juice. Corrine and Louis -- Alex's name before his reincarnation -- are awfully bland. They have less life than the couples in TV sitcoms. (After the film, a friend said, "Twenty-three

years for that guy? Twenty-three minutes. Tops!") We can't tell whether we are supposed to laugh at them or what. The fuzzy, fantasy tone is confusing and enervating. We can't tell what's serious. Corrine works as a curator at the Smithsonian and her pet project is a tribute to America's first ladies. This ought to be really funny. The mannequins in her exhibit exaggerate the comical aspects of the first ladies' appearances (especially Eleanor Roosevelt). However, because the film is so soft visually, they don't seem lurid or surreal enough.

The visual style does provide some substantial, incidental joys. The film opens promisingly with huge close-ups of a wedding invitation and a great deal of lace accompanied by Johnny Mathis crooning "Chances Are." I don't know what it is about 50's and 60's American crooners but their stuff seems wildly exotic and mysterious now. Maybe it's because they come from a period in American history when American borders were hermetically sealed and its fantasy conception of itself was at its peak. Those songs and the way they were sung suggest the artificial hermetic nature of the whole culture. There's a lot of longing in them.

Ardolino and Fraker show a lot of naked, aging flesh in the film and make it quite beautiful. (Shepard and O'Neal are constantly taking most of their clothes off.) But at the same time there's a rather forlorn atmosphere to these scenes.

The film never really stagnates largely because of the attention Ardolino pays to his performers. He wisely focuses on Robert Downey, Jr., whose exuberance



wrings some laughs out of rather stale jokes, like an elderly socialite's wig falling off at a big-bucks social function. However, the script limits him to being charming to everyone. Ardolino gets decent performances out of two performers who have never been particularly impressive: Cybill Shepard and Ryan O'Neal. Shepard is quite effective in a scene where the suddenly amorous Corrine visits her psychiatrist. (Nuerosis is always good for a few erotic moments. See Lesley Ann Warren in *Cop*.) Unfortunately, Ardolino and Fraker severely undercut Mary Stuart Masterson's performance. She's a solid, lovely actress and she never hits a false note, but the filmmakers seem to have shot her

to emphasize the least attractive elements of her appearance. She has a rather large jaw and they feature it prominently. Worse, Ardolino pushes her into the same prim, matronly outfits Cybill Shepard wears. Shepard exploits these outfits for comic effect in her reawakening scenes, but Masterson seems to be choking in them. Ardolino elicits a nice sympathetic performance from the hammy Fran Ryan who plays an extremely rich Washington widow. When Alex romances her in order to get a donation to save Corrine's job, she come alive, especially when she's clutching at his ass. Together, Ryan and Downey almost give off enough energy to bring the movie completely to life.

## Film Society Update:

Jim Shedden

The Innis Film Society maintains its usual level of activity and anxiety. And with the additional ICSS grant we just received, we might even be able to pay most of our bills.

After a term mostly devoted to Canadian avant-garde films (curatorially admirable, but almost disastrous practically), the Film Society began this term with a Bunuel double bill: the evil, blasphemous *Simon of the Desert*, and the immoral, anarchistic *Phantom of Liberty*. The impressive 150+ turnout that week was easily overshadowed the following weeks with Fassbinder's rarely-seen depressant *I Only Want You To Love Me*, and Godard's *Passion*; both screenings attracted over 200 people.

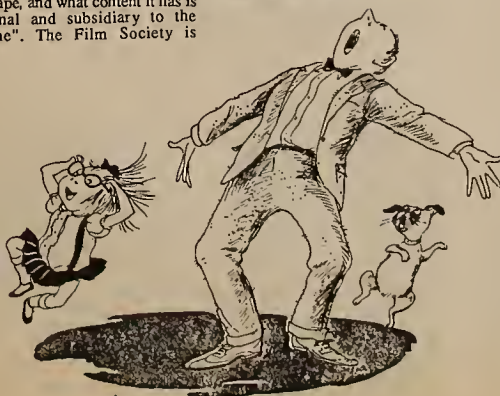
Recent weeks have featured avant-garde Buddhist Bruce Baillie, short films by Frankfurt School lawyer / theorist / filmmaker Alexander Kluge (in conjunction with the Art Gallery of Ontario), collaborations with the Royal Ontario Museum on a Soviet film series, collaborations with New Music Concerts on a series of films and videos engaged with new music, and an evening of super 8 films by Stan Brakhage. Brakhage, who is easily (in the opinion of this author) is the greatest filmmaker ever, and one of this century's great artists, will be present at two other screenings of his work at Innis: on March 30 for a look at some of his 1970s work, and on April 8, when films made over the past two years will be featured. Get your tickets in

advance for these screenings (call me at 978 7790 or drop by Room 322) as these evenings may well sell out.

One of the more interesting evenings coming up is the March 16th screening of 'structural' films. 'Structural' film, at least for the critic who is most often connected with the term, P. Adams Sitney, was never meant to be more than a convenient term with which to discuss certain common features of avant-garde filmmakers who emerged in the late 1960s (e.g. Ernie Gehr, Michael Snow, Joyce Wieland, Tony Conrad, Paul Sharits, and George Landow, aka Owen Land). Radically modernist in spirit, "structural film insists on its shape, and what content it has is minimal and subsidiary to the outline". The Film Society is

showing a "classic" of this period, Sharits' *Ray Gun Virus*, and three 'hybrid' structural films (i.e. the term really is inappropriate for these films), Gehr's *Shift*, Frampton and Wieland's *A and B in Ontario* and Owen Land's *A Film of Their Tour...*, a rhythmical "documentary" of a cross-country evangelical tour of Jews for Jesus (a group to which Land converted).

The Executive of the Film Society for 1989-90 is David Morris (President); Kathryn MacKay (Vice-President); Tracy Jenkins (Treasurer); Jim Shedden and Susan Oxtoby (Directors-at-large). Lisa Godfrey will remain as editor of *Spleen*, a magazine devoted to avant-garde film (first issue to appear in May 1989).



## Kitchen of the Damned



Rice Crispie Triangles



Egg Sandwich

Mouldless Jello

©Les/87

## I'll Meet You in Tarshish

Braz

Throw me a halo and I'll throw you a dime  
Look beneath this shroud and see  
I'm just buying Time

One dip in your pool for a platinum card  
And a promise: I won't kiss your cheek  
In the Arnold's front yard.

There's immortal indecision beneath our ill armistice  
I'll glue dead leaves to a fallen tree but  
Will your bride convalesce?

I'll share the Law and read the Prophets  
But I'll bid the wicked stay.  
So then I ask:  
Will David's jealous father  
Let me see decay?

# Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure - Most Triumphant Flick

Nell Dunlop

*Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* is a monolithic advancement in Hollywood film production. In this movie -- the term "movie" is now made trite by such an event -- the actors actually travel back in time and visit "personages" of historical significance. They even have footage to prove it. Bill and Ted, two seemingly brainless California youths, can actually be seen with historic notables such as Socrates -- a name which we must pronounce incorrectly as "Sewerates" -- Freud, Beethoven and Genghis Khan. Why we have not read about this in our history books is hard to explain. Perhaps somewhere there is a record of the visitation of two strange dudes.

Bill and Ted are high school pals who live in San Dimas, California. Their's is not a typical life. They

spend most of their time -- "free" time is an irrelevant concept in southern California -- rehearsing and making videos for their pseudo-metal rock group, "Wyld Stalyns". The pair often dream of jamming "most triumphantly" with Eddie Van Halen. Unfortunately, they are so lost in their creativity that they fail to give their history studies the proper attention. This puts them in peril of failing unless they can get an 'A' on their class presentation. Fat chance -- the pair display the intellectual acumen of a tossed garden salad. At least they're funny.

Amazingly, it seems that the guys' music and philosophy ("be excellent to each other") will eventually provide the 27th century with a reason to live. Therefore, because an 'F' in history would be the end of the "Wyld Stalyns", the future sends an agent back in time to help the pair with their

assignment -- it's weird, he looks just like George Carlin -- and he brings with him a time travel capsule disguised as a phone booth. That's how Bill and Ted get around time, collecting important guys for their presentation.

The first guy they bring back from the past is Napoleon. There are so many biographies about Napoleon but they never mention his visit to 20th century California. I suppose he kept it a secret. In any case, he was definitely there because you see him there in the movie. It's pretty weird to consider, but very funny.

Soon, Bill and Ted become absolutely brilliant in their implementation of time travel and it seems there is no problem they cannot overcome.

Granted, on the surface the movie looks stupid but it isn't. It would be a travesty to miss one of the most historical events of all time. Besides, it's really funny.

## VIC/INNIS FILM NIGHTS

FRIDAY MARCH 17, 7:00 P.M.:

FRED JONES AND KEN SCOTT (VIC 873)  
PRESENTING THREE SHORT FILMS:

Reel to Reel

Working Title (Genie Nominee)

The Gibbons: Canada's Fighting Elite

Victoria Campus, Emmanuel College (across from the Planetarium)

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 7:00 P.M.

RON MANN (INNIS 870) PRESENTING:

Comic Book Confidential (Genie Nominee)

Innis College Town Hall

Admission is \$2.00 per evening, including refreshments.

For more information phone Janet Shaw (Vic. 585 4502)

or Jim Shedden (Innis, 978 7790)

# The Replacements: No Bombastic Bullshit

Blitz

It used to be hip to call Paul Westerberg (singer, songwriter and rhythm guitarist for The Replacements) "the new Bob Dylan", mainly because he wrote such incredibly articulate songs. Someone even called him "the new Springsteen", because of his focus on ordinary people and ordinary problems and because of his ability to make these people and problems transcend their commonness and rise to the status of avatars. With *Don't Tell a Soul*, Westerberg has proven that he doesn't need to be "the new" anybody. He has surpassed those he once seemed indebted to. The Replacements' new album is, quite simply, the best rock album of the 1980s.

(Let me repeat that: The Replacements' new album is, quite simply, the best rock album

of the 1980s. Got it?)

The eleven songs on this album range from kick-ass roots-rock/punk ("I Want") to achingly beautiful ballads ("They're Blind", "Darlin' One") to patented Replacements guitar crunch pop. Like every Replacements album since *Hootenanny*, there is a wide range of styles, and yet the album is completely unified (unlike, for instance, *Pleased to Meet Me*, their last album, which was less an album than a collection of songs; brilliant songs, but still a collection).

The band has come a long way from their first album, wherein Westerberg spewed forth such concise statements as "I hate music / It's got too many notes" and "You're in love and I'm in trouble." For one thing, they're grown up. For another, they're on

a major label now, and have been for the past three albums. For yet another, they've been the darlings of the rock critics' elite since 1985's *Jim* album. The utterly astounding thing is that despite these factors, they're still honest and deliberately unsophisticated. Not that they don't write great songs -- in fact, I think it would be almost impossible now for them to write a bad song -- just that they don't try to be "deep" or "meaningful". While Westerberg most definitely is a poet, it's sheer rock 'n' roll poetry, where elaborate metaphors count for less than honest emotion, with more in common with "Around and Around" than Wordsworth (and more in common with "Subterranean Homesick Blues" than with either). His voice, too, reflects this: while this album features his best singing yet, his vocals are still hoarse, loud, and technically limited. No Bonosque operatics here, no Kate Bush-style oddness: just a guy who drinks and smokes too much doing his best. And believe me, his best is more than good enough. The pain in his voice on "Darlin' One" has brought me literally to

tears: the raw power and humour in "I Want" is as infectious as anything Chuck Berry has ever sung.

Musically, the band is tighter than ever before. New kid on the block, Slim Dunlop, brings some guitar finesse, rock 'n' roll style, to Westerberg's powerful rhythms and Stimson's and Mars' backbeat. Nothing incredibly flashy, just damn good.

I feel like I'm describing the trees and omitting the forest. One does not listen to this album and say "Wow - sheer poetry!" or "Hey - nice solo!" One listens to it and simply says "Wow." Or nothing at all. The album may not be instantly catchy (I disliked it at first listen) but after a few spins its brilliance becomes first apparent, then overwhelming, then so compelling that you finally get around to buying new headphones for your Walkman so you can tape it and listen to it everywhere, as I've been doing for the past week or two. You start wondering how so much of what rock 'n' roll should be, but so rarely is, could be compressed into eleven songs on a twelve-inch slab of black vinyl. You start thinking about

moving to Minneapolis just to be in the same city as Paul Westerberg. This is not just an album: it is one of the few definitive statements that rock 'n' roll has produced in its 35 year history. Westerberg may be insecure ("I'm a rebel without a clue"), he may skimp on formal politeness ("you want me to send a letter or a note? / I won't!"), he may be frightened, but at least he doesn't hide his emotions behind a smokescreen of clichés or musical glossiness, and he's the best fucking songwriter we've got, and one of the best we've ever had. I don't know if honesty and power have any chance in today's marketplace -- bombastic bullshit and moronic dance/fuck songs seem to be more the rule -- but if there's any justice at all, this album will make the Replacements huge. But regardless of how many people buy it, it still remains -- as I said earlier, and as I'll say one more time to make sure my message gets through -- the best rock album of the 1980s, and it can be yours for less than \$10. Run, don't walk, to your nearest record store and buy it. You'll thank yourself for doing so.

## SPORTS

## DomedyDome

Greg Sutton

In the heart of our great city, a development has been taking place since April of 1986, a project which will make this fabulous, world-class city even better. Yes, sports fans, we will finally be able to say that along with our major league ball team we have a major league stadium. Alas, the Toronto Blue Jays will make the long awaited trek down the Gardiner from Exerution Stadium to the SkyDome.

The SkyDome will be the first multi-purpose stadium in the world with a retractable roof. The stadium will not only accomodate the Jays and the CFL's Argonauts, it will also bouse huge exhibitions, trade shows, concerts, music

extravaganzas, and, of course, monster truck and tractor pulls.

The SkyDome will seat 54,000 for baseball, 56,000 for football, and as many as 70,000 for a rock concert. (*How many for you pulling down your pants, Greg?*) Of course the main attraction of the stadium is its roof which encompasses an area of eight acres. The roof will rise to an inside height of eighty-six metres, meaning that a thirty-one storey apartment building could stand at centre field inside the stadium with the roof closed. Able to open and close in twenty minutes, the roof in the retracted mode will allow for ninety-one percent of the seating area to be uncovered.

Aside from the stadium itself, there are other areas under

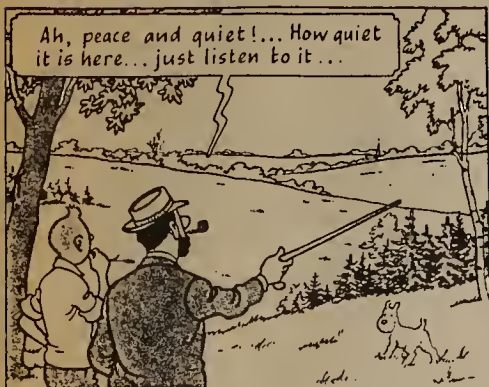
development. A 364 room hotel will be located in the north end of the SkyDome with seventy of the suites looking over the field. In addition to the hotel there are plans for a three level entertainment centre, a theatre, a sports store, and sever J restaurants. Also, a health club with a swimming pool, squash and tennis courts, gym and jogging track are in the works.

Despite all the ridiculous complaining, the SkyDome is in the best possible location. Located right in the heart of downtown, the stadium is close to all of the many restaurants and hotels the city has to offer. Regarding the traffic ... let the people stupid enough to take the car, sit in traffic. I recommend that everyone else take the TTC.

But most important of all, the stadium makes a beautiful addition to the Toronto skyline. Not bad for three hundred million dollars.



## Girl, 9, Consumed by Mounds of Hideous Alien Foodstuffs



David Morris

Recently there has been much discussion of the "environment" in our media and in our political world. Newspapers and TV news broadcasts bring us news of impending and actual biological disasters, both local, national and global. Time magazine gives us Earth as the Planet of the Year (a model of which is wrapped in vinyl, bound in twine and photographed against a perfect sunset background by "environmental artist" Christo. Christo's next project is a wrapping of the Eiffel tower or some such.) Now that the Amazon basin rainforest has acquired a militant and charismatic spokesman in the form of chief Paikan (who is media wise and has trained two of his fellows in the use of video cameras), the newspapers give us daily articles about the progress of the fight against plantation owners and the government of Brazil. Our municipal governments give us blue plastic boxes in which to put our used Coke cans.

If my tone here appears to be cynical, it is because I believe that the recent concern for the "environment" stems from the same source as the abuse which has given us our present disastrous situation. Of course this cynicism must be qualified with and combated by a faith in the true good will on the part of at least some humans to the planet which they inhabit. And this cynicism needs explaining.

To begin, I use the word "environment" in quotes here in order to bring attention to a certain aspect of media and political usage

of this word. Environment, as the media uses it, is a word which describes the surrounding natural furniture of the world including land, water, animals, plants, etc. But environment is thought of as environment only insofar as the environment relates to man. Man defines the environment by forming one of its limits. Man isn't part of the environment; what isn't man is the environment. This use of the word "environment" sets up an essential confrontation between man and environment. The typical environmental article in the newspaper sets out an environmental problem in terms of the problem that the environmental catastrophe will create for man. Further problems which spin off from these catastrophes are also couched in similar terms. The essential argument given in this genre of article is that the environment needs to be improved, and that will require a change in man's technological acts on earth. If the environment isn't improved, man will suffer.

Man himself doesn't have to change because man isn't a problem. It is man's actions as technological being that are called into question, not man as man, because man isn't part of that environment which is a problem to him. If there is an oil crisis impending, gas is rationed. Man does not have to change his behaviour as car user because man is not the problem. Rather, it is the environment's inability to cope with man's abuse. If plastic bottles strain energy and material resources, recycle the plastic bottles. But don't shift back to glass, or institute a system where

people own their own bottles and get them filled with the beverage of their choice (the concept of taking the bucket to the cow is gone; the vessel for holding is part of the production, magically appearing just like the milk coming from the cow, but vessels cost more ecologically). If newspapers devastate our forests, don't stop publishing newspapers or try and do things differently, but try and recycle them (a bit more ecologically efficient) and more and more stupid articles like this one that lament our problems.

The point is that we deal with the problems that we create using exactly the same forms of reasoning that lead us to the problems in the first place. We situate ourselves outside of the environment in our thought and in the accounts of our behaviour that we give in our media and political forums. We are not the problem, the environment is. There is no concept of ecology in this way of thought. Ecology, by its nature includes everything in it, including ourselves. The environment is the nasty thing that is outside in every sense. The concept of ecology as a dynamic system, on the other hand, ties everything together without exception, if it is fully applied. When we address what is out there as environment it becomes a dead thing, the inside of a house that we live in. If it gets too dirty it can be cleaned up, or we can move. The faults of this metaphor are obvious. There is nowhere outside of this metaphorical house. If it gets too dirty we succumb. We are not separate from the house. We can not throw anything away; there is nowhere for it to go to, it will always come back in one form or another. Astronauts in a space capsule do not burn toxic chemicals on their control panel. If we burn toxic chemicals and get away with it, it is only because our

capsule is slightly bigger. Our job if we are to survive is not to maintain the environment as something distinct and alien. It is to develop our behaviour so that we are integrated with the ecology in which we are embedded. And this development cannot occur through improving technology. This can only delay things. We need to work on ourselves, not on our cars or our pop cans.

All the above may seem rather vague or contentious, hinging as it does on a reading of the way that things are presented in media, on a reading that may be totally incorrect. However, an examination of a recent series of articles in the Globe and Mail may at least give a concrete example of the types of reasoning that lead to problems. These articles give a very vulgar example of the selfish reasoning that relates things back to man, vulgar in that they don't relate back to humans who are trying to survive, but to humans who are trying to make money.

The articles are part of a series called "Cleaning Up" in the business section of the Globe. The articles in the series are subtitled "Reducing, reusing or recycling wastes saves money and preserves the environment. Moreover, there are profitable opportunities in byproducts and waste technologies." The message that is sent out by this subtitle is consistently reinforced by the articles. Coke is doing its "Good Neighbours Recycle" bit because it'll sell more Coke (6 out of 10 Canadians believe that...). Companies are recycling because they can make a bundle. Or if they happen to recycle because they believe in it, they're talked about in the Globe because they also happen to be making a bundle. The environment is regarded as the outside source which generates money and is to be well treated only insofar as it boosts sales, not

insofar as killing customers means that potential markets are reduced (never mind the innate stupidity of polluting a system that we occupy). Even things that obviously are harmful to clients are harmful insofar as they are bad for business. Witness the recent headline "Dioxin, furan in paper products posed risk to corporate health".

Such reasoning on the part of the corporations that we produce is only to be expected given our economic system. This system is based on the assignment of an artificial set of values, a set of values which have absolutely nothing to do with the real ecological value of things and the energy put into making things. The set of values is generated completely from the perspective of man, without regard to his place in the ecology (except for the fact that the limits of the ecology can limit man's ability to produce things). So it is no wonder that the people working within our economic system tend to trash the environment.

What are the alternatives to this type of economics? The answer to such a question would have to be very long and elaborate so it can't be laid out here, and would have to be given by somebody who truly understands the mysteries of our present economics, and what we mean by the value of things and money. Unfortunately such an answer would remain within the realm of the type of thinking that has been discussed above. This whole article in fact remains within this realm of thinking because the writer of it is also caught within it. This problem obviously requires some very dramatic changes in the way we operate as "global civilization". It requires that humans become part of the ecological system rather than putting themselves in a privileged position within it.

## Beep! Beep! ACME kit #47



Cheri Burda

Acme Statistics has just revealed the latest facts about our environment. Here are a few alarming stats to keep you quaffing on your coffee today:

Coffee itself pollutes. Dangerous toxins in coffee seep through the digestive system to contaminate the city's water supply and cause cancer in lab animals.

Cigarettes are bad. They pollute. Butts do not biodegrade and they remain in our landfills for thousands of years. Cigarettes cause cancer in lab animals.

Befouling pets produce 800 gigatons of methane-emitting excrement each year. The government has been controlling

this aspect of the waste stream and untold millions have been spent to erect signs in public parks which have a picture of Fido in action enclosed by one of those no smoking/do not enter/do not anything deals. Pet owners are encouraged to carry around a plastic bag and scoop up the stool so it can be sent to a landfill to join the pile of festering soiled diapers. Acme Stats and Environment Agency has proposed an alternate method for controlling pet wastes. For \$29.95 plus sales tax, concerned pet owners can have their animals sent to a reputable taxidermist. The finished product will no longer be damaging the environment but will still provide you and your children with a friend for life.

Ecology House is one of the worst contributors to environmental imbalance. Their weed farm uses up valuable commercial space and causes nose and throat irritation in asthmatics and hypochondriacs.

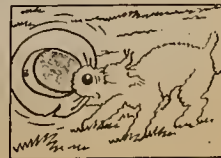
Environment Canada has done very little to address the above issues, nor has any of Canada's active environmental groups. Environment groups themselves are one of society's worst resource depleters. Over 17 trees died last year so that environmental organizations could produce informative pamphlets which attack the problem of deforestation.

Literature wastes countless quantities of paper each year.

Libraries are the worst. The books could be used to burn sewage, thereby reducing the amount of shit flowing into Lake Ontario while at the same time helping to furnish cloud cover to combat dangerous ultraviolet rays which penetrate the ever thinning ozone layer. This book burning project is sponsored by Sy Spelling, air-club president for thinning ozone.

Education is by far the worst cause of forest depletion. Students are expected to take notes and write lengthy essays. In 1988, UoT students wasted over 400 metric tonnes of paper. Interestingly, business students, who do not read or write very much, were responsible for only one percent of the overall paper consumption. Moreover, business students are more inclined to recycle essays and assignments as part of their commitment to the conservation of energy resources.

\*For more information, please contact the Acme Statistics Corporation, a division of Ford Canada.



The Toe Nail Clippings Were Floating In the Soup Pot



-No one Was Surprised ... They Were Bound To Turn Up Sooner Or Later

